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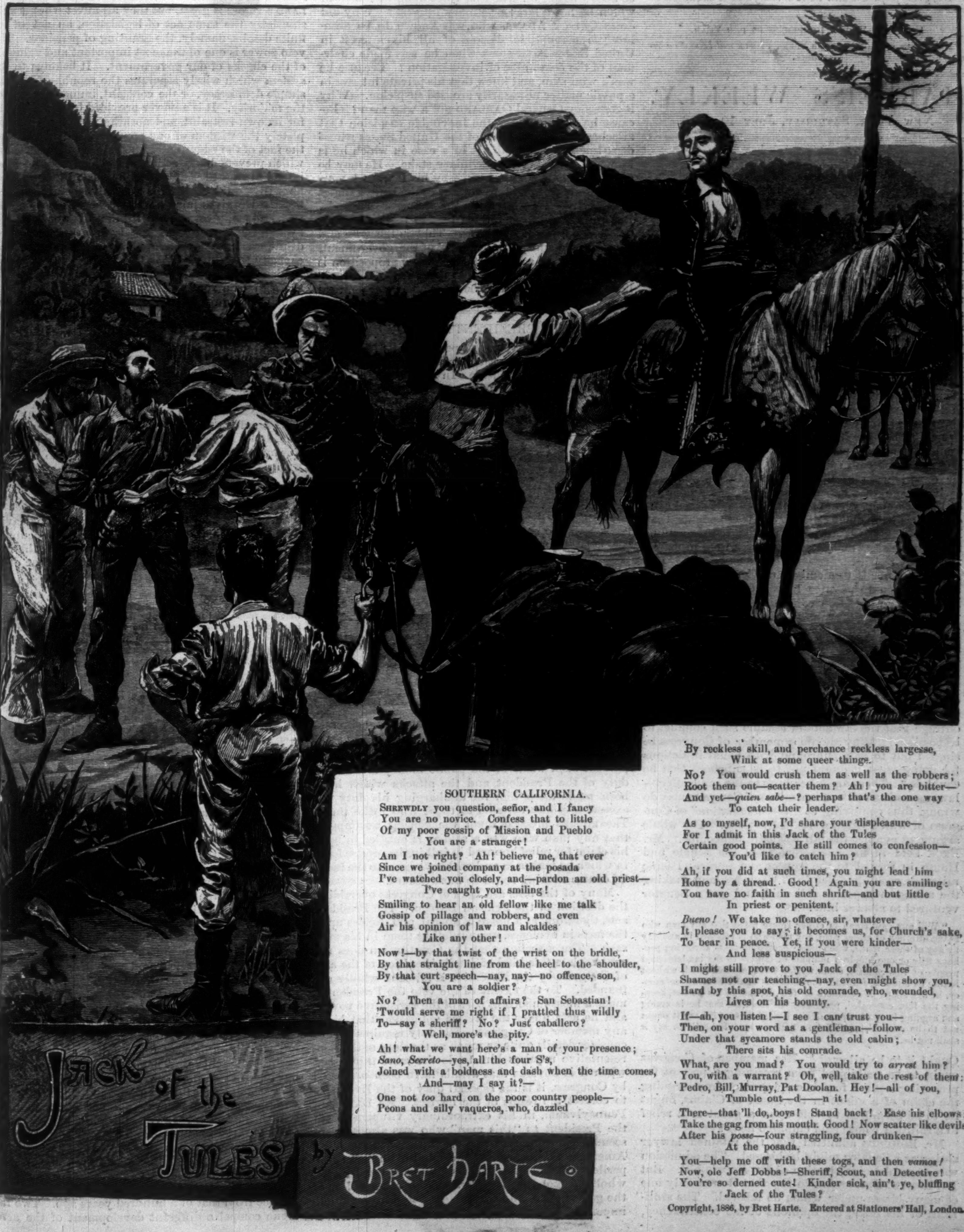

Jack of the Tules

by Bret Harte

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.

Shrewdly you question, señor, and I fancy
You are no novice. Confess that to little
Of my poor gossip of Mission and Pueblo
You are a stranger!

Am I not right? Ah! believe me, that ever
Since we joined company at the posada
I've watched you closely, and—pardon an old priest—
I've caught you smiling!

Smiling to hear an old fellow like me talk
Gossip of pillage and robbers, and even
Air his opinion of law and alcaldes
Like any other!

Now!—by that twist of the wrist on the bridle,
By that straight line from the heel to the shoulder,
By that curt speech—nay, nay—no offence, son,
You are a soldier?

No? Then a man of affairs? San Sebastian!
'Twould serve me right if I prattled thus wildly
To—say a sheriff? No? Just caballero?
Well, more's the pity.

Ah! what we want here's a man of your presence;
Sano, *Secreto*—yes, all the four S's,
Joined with a boldness and dash when the time comes,
And—may I say it?—

One not *too* hard on the poor country people—
Peons and silly vaqueros, who, dazzled
By reckless skill, and perchance reckless largesse,
Wink at some queer things.

No? You would crush them as well as the robbers;
Root them out—scatter them? Ah! you are bitter—
And yet—*quien sabe*—? perhaps that's the one way
To catch their leader.

As to myself, now, I'd share your displeasure—
For I admit in this Jack of the Tules
Certain good points. He still comes to confession—
You'd like to catch him?

Ah, if you did at such times, you might lead him
Home by a thread. Good! Again you are smiling:
You have no faith in such shrift—and but little
In priest or penitent.

Bueno! We take no offence, sir, whatever
It please you to say; it becomes us, for Church's sake,
To bear in peace. Yet, if you were kinder—
And less suspicious—

I might still prove to you Jack of the Tules
Shames not our teaching—nay, even might show you,
Hard by this spot, his old comrade, who, wounded,
Lives on his bounty.

If—ah, you listen!—I see I can trust you—
Then, on your word as a gentleman—follow.
Under that sycamore stands the old cabin;
There sits his comrade.

What, are you mad? You would try to *arrest* him?
You, with a warrant? Oh, well, take the rest of them:
Pedro, Bill, Murray, Pat Doolan. Hey!—all of you,
Tumble out—d——n it!

There—that 'll do, boys! Stand back! Ease his elbows;
Take the gag from his mouth. Good! Now scatter like devils
After his *posse*—four straggling, four drunken—
At the posada.

You—help me off with these togs, and then *vamos!*
Now, ole Jeff Dobbs!—Sheriff, Scout, and Detective!
You're so derned cute! Kinder sick, ain't ye, bluffing
Jack of the Tules?

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"Harper's Young People is improving all the time."—*Cleveland Plaindealer.*

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE,

An Illustrated Weekly.

The issue for July 6 contains a very bright and humorous operetta for young actors, entitled

THE MAID AND (GAME) PIE.

A MUSICAL EXTRAVAGANZA.

By ISABELLA GRANT MEREDITH.

It is accompanied by illustrations drawn by Jessie McDermott.

Though a very clever and amusing work, the operetta is easily within the powers of young actors; the music is of a familiar character, and where the air as indicated is not very well known, it is printed in musical characters.

The operetta is printed at this season because it is thought that it will supply a novel and charming means of interesting and entertaining young people and their elders at many sea-side and mountain resorts.

Harper's Young People, $2 00 per Year.

A specimen copy of Harper's Young People *will be sent on receipt of four cents in postage-stamps.*

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

New York, Saturday, July 10, 1886.

MR. BECK'S BILL.

MR. BECK'S bill prohibiting members of Congress from accepting employment as attorneys for railroads which receive aid and require legislation from the United States was reconsidered and referred to the Judiciary Committee after a rather acrid debate. The vote was almost strictly partisan. The Republicans voted to reconsider, with the evident intention, as their speeches showed, of defeating the bill. The Democrats voted to sustain the passage of the bill. The argument against it was ill-founded and wholly inconclusive. It was, in the first place, an attempt to prove such a law to be unnecessary, unless Mr. Beck would state reasons in the conduct of members of Congress which made it desirable; and, in the second place, it was an assertion that such a bill was an insult to Congress, as implying that members were disposed to do something so wrong that they must be restrained by penal laws. The first attempt was designed merely as a plausible obstruction, because Senators knew that Mr. Beck would not specify personal instances among his colleagues, and because all such laws rest upon a familiar experience, and upon a reasonable probability derived from that experience. Mr. Beck's conduct of his argument was excellent, and he disposed conclusively of the chief reliance of his opponents, that his proposition was an insult to Congress in assuming that Senators and Representatives were probably mercenary rascals.

Is it an insult to members of Congress that they are forbidden to practice in the Court of Claims? But the same objection can be made. Why should the law interfere? Why should it be assumed that they would do what they ought not to do? Why should they be selected invidiously as a class to be stigmatized by a disability? Or is it an insult to members of Congress that they should be prohibited from receiving payment for helping to procure a contract or a place from the government under a penalty of imprisonment and fine? Is it not a gross outrage that the law should assume such conduct to be possible? Why should a member of Congress be singled out to be girt around with penal inflictions for doing what it ought not to be supposed that he could do? There are other laws to the same effect—laws assuming that even members of Congress may do wrong, thus conniving at "the defamation" of Congress of which Senator Hawley spoke. The whole argument against the bill was pure buncombe. Mr. Beck held in his hand reports of the Senate and House in regard to the Union and Central Pacific railroads, seeking relief from Congress, and making the strongest appeals. He said, and not a Senator ventured to answer him:

> "Will any gentleman in either House insist that any man who is the attorney of either road, any man who is retained in any way by any of those roads, when these great questions, involving perhaps fifty or one hundred millions of dollars to the tax-burdened people of this country, come up for consideration, shall, without letting us know it, advocate the interests of the road whose money, in the shape of retainers or fees, he has in his pocket, keeping the fact concealed, professing all the time that he is acting and arguing in the interest of the United States? I say it ought not to be allowed, and all I seek to do by this bill is to say it shall not be."

Ought it to be allowed? If a member of Congress ought to be prohibited from receiving a present for procuring a place for his employer, or from arguing the claim of a client in the Court of Claims, ought he to be permitted to vote upon a grant or a relief to a railroad whose paid employé he is?

Mr. Edmunds admitted that the retained lawyer sitting as a Senator might be biassed. The admission was a complete justification of Mr. Beck's bill. But Mr. Edmunds proceeded to say that it was only one of many biases under which he labored. The sentiment of his State, the opinions of his constituency, biassed him, and, indeed, until legislators were saints descended from heaven they would be biassed by something. It is not to be supposed that Senator Edmunds believes the cases to be similar, and that he gravely compares the bias of a Vermonter for the interests of Vermont to the bias of an attorney for the corporation that employs him. Mr. Evarts also said that he thought lightly of the restrictive laws that surround public men. Does he also think lightly of the constitutional prohibition of the receipt of gifts from foreign powers by any officer of the United States? That prohibition is plainly an assumption that such an officer might be bribed or influenced by such a gift. Is it a superfluous provision, an insulting assumption? On the contrary, it is a solemn declaration fixed in the fundamental law that public men should be above suspicion. But how can a man be above suspicion when he votes upon measures in which he has a large pecuniary interest? Why did John Quincy Adams, who was known to be absolutely incorruptible, dispose of all his interest in United States Bank stock when he was made chairman of the committee of investigation? Because he was a wise man, and knew that his private interest in a public matter necessarily aroused suspicion. Why is Attorney-General Garland not a wise man? Because he does not heed the inevitable suspicion that attaches to a high officer of the United States whose department is called to act in a case in which he is known to have a great pecuniary stake. He may be an honest man who has come by his interest honorably. So might an honest officer of the United States honestly receive a gift from the Emperor of Russia. But the Constitution forbids him to receive it without the consent of Congress. That is the wise and conservative and patriotic spirit of the government, and it is in that spirit that Mr. Beck's proposition is drawn. It will be a grievous mistake if the Republican Senators permit it to be made a party or political question.

THE PRESIDENT'S VETOES.

The President's vetoes of pension bills have been constant, and in almost every case his statement of reasons has been conclusive. In some instances there may be good reasons for reconsideration. But the action of the President shows a devotion to duty and a resolution not to suffer injustice to be done to the people by careless appropriations of public money, which will receive the most general and hearty approval. Here are some illustrations of the vetoed bills:

> "Simmons W. Harden got a bill passed granting him a pension for enlargement of the heart, which he asserts was the result of falling out of a wagon fourteen years before the disease developed. The bill granting a pension to Abigail Smith was vetoed because it gave her a less amount than she was already receiving. Another instance of careless legislation is shown in the veto of a bill for the relief of Andrew J. Hill, when the papers show that the claimant's name is Alfred. James Butler's bill was vetoed because he was never in the army; he enlisted on August 23, 1864, got leave to go home to bid his friends good-by, fell into a cellar and broke his leg *en route*, and was discharged September 10. Harriet Welsh's bill was vetoed because she admits that she married the man for whose service she claims a pension when she had another husband living undivorced. John D. Ham was drafted into the army; he was enrolled, and the next day started for home; he fell off his horse, broke his ankle, and was not placed on the rolls of his regiment. James C. Chandler applied for a pension at the Pension Office because he was run over by a wagon in 1862. This was denied him. Then he entered another application on account of bronchitis. This was also denied. Then he made a third for rheumatism, and that was denied also. Finally he went to Congress, and got a bill passed on all three of his claims."

There are many others quite as extraordinary. To prevent such waste of the public money is a simple duty of the President, and the attacks which have been made upon him for discharging his duty are exceedingly discreditable to those who make them. The attacks proceed upon the general assumption that any man who was a soldier is entitled to have his claim for relief honored in full in the precise form in which he makes it, and without regard to the facts. Of course nothing could be more absurd.

Many of the bills are laws of Congress overriding the decision of the Pension Bureau. The President acts, therefore, as a judge of appeal, and decides upon the facts in evidence, recapitulating them in his message. The assertion that the Constitution does not contemplate this kind of detailed revision of the acts of Congress by the Executive is idle and wholly unfounded. To the extent of the veto the President is made a most important part of the legislative power, and he acts under the precise obligation that binds any member of Congress. His duty requires him to consider details quite as much as the duty of the Representative requires him to do the same thing, and when it is obvious that details have been neglected by Congress, it is the especial duty of the Executive to correct the result of the neglect. Mr. Bayne, of Pennsylvania, in his extraordinary vituperation of the President as "this man" who was almost transcending his authority, and "no better than any other American citizen, and not the equal of any man who periled his life and went out to save the Union," wholly forgot that he was speaking of an officer of the government who acted under obligations quite as important and binding as those of Mr. Bayne himself, and that even if the President had been a shirk and a coward—which he was not—that fact is not a reason that Mr. Bayne and his associates should be allowed to take money improperly from the public Treasury. The reasons of the President's vetoes are submitted to the country, and the country will judge whether they are well founded. No honorable soldier will think him unfriendly to soldiers because he refuses to countenance dishonest claims even when preferred in the name of a soldier; and every good citizen, conscious that the President is an honest man, and that the country is not ungenerous to the soldiers, will support him in his defence of the just rights of all the people.

There is a general feeling that the veto power should be used sparingly. But it would be better to say that Congress ought not to furnish frequent occasion for its exercise. The number of President Cleveland's vetoes is great, but they all affect what is substantially the same act of legislation, an act of infinite details, namely, the granting of pensions. The veto power is one of the most important and valuable of the checks of our government. It belongs to the system which wisely separates the republic from the simple democracy, or the constant, immediate rule of the majority. It is a power provided by the majority for its own restraint, and nothing proves more completely the wisdom of our popular government than the fact of the adoption by the majority of provisions which prevent hasty action. The President does not intend to slight his duty, and he has announced that he will consider all bills carefully before signing them. He gives fair notice that he will not be hurried, and Congress has learned that his words plainly express his purposes. His duty is largely a duty of detail. His ability is shown by his disposition and capacity to treat details. It is a quality of great administrative ability. It is sometimes contemned as the sign of a routine officer. But it is the quality which distinguished **Gladstone** as a financial minister, and it was a striking trait in **Napoleon**. The two chief executive functions in our government are the appointment of agents through whom to execute the laws, and the approval of laws to execute. They are both matters of detail, and to object to careful Executive attention to them is to object to the Executive office. The exercise of the veto power by President Cleveland has been neither reckless nor unjust. It has been due to a sincere desire to secure wise legislation, and it has been careful, intelligent, and patriotic. The more it is considered by the country, the more warmly it will be commended.

THE KING AND THE REPUBLIC.

The address of the Count of Paris upon leaving France is a remarkable and revolutionary document. It is remarkable because the Count accepts the leadership, not of the monarchical sentiment, but of the monarchical movement. He says:

> "Taught by experience, France will not be misled as to either the cause or the author of the ills she suffers. She will recognize that the traditional monarchy, by its modern principle and by its institutions, can alone furnish the remedy. This national monarchy, of which I am the representative, can alone reduce the importance of the men of disorder who threaten the repose of the country, can alone secure political and religious liberty, restore public fortune, give our democratic society a strong government, opened to all, superior to parties, and with a stability which will be in the eyes of Europe a pledge of lasting peace. It is my duty to labor without respite in this work of salvation, and with the aid of God, and the coöperation of all those who share my faith in the future, I will accomplish it. There public is afraid. In striking me it marks me out. I have confidence in France, and at the decisive hour I shall be ready."

The Count of Paris thus takes the position long held by the Count of Chambord, the head of the elder Bourbon branch, and in a way much more dangerous to France, because he is a very much abler man, and because his tradition is constitutional, not despotic, monarchy. His manifesto suggests at once the question whether the quiet citizen of France, as he was described, was in fact the centre of a movement against the republic, or whether the act of expulsion is so plainly the sign of the conscious weakness of the republic that it naturally organizes the monarchical reaction. From this moment intrigue and suspicion begin, and the expulsion of the conspicuous and strong adherents of the monarchical movement bocomes merely logical and probable. There is, in fact, the old situation: the republic at home and the *émigrés* and royal court abroad.

The same internal forces, also, are evidently at work in France. The demand for the expulsion came from Clemenceau and the extreme Republican radicals. Rochefort and similar agitators represent the anarchists. They have prevailed in the expulsion of the princes. Will the republic expel them also, as dangerous to organized republican liberty; or will they dominate the republic? The actual government, President Grévy and Minister Freycinet, seem to stand for the Gironde. Will the Gironde of 1889 be stronger than that of 1789? The situation inevitably recalls such figures and suggests such questions. But history does not repeat itself in its old forms. The France of to-day is a very different France from that of a hundred years ago. Two facts alone compel a different development of the actual situation—the general prosperity of the people and the habit of representative government. Philippe Égalité, the great-grandfather of the Count of Paris, was put to death in another France than that which his great-grandson leaves. The monarchical tradition is not only infinitely weakened in France, but in the world, and a royal restoration would be so evidently a mere episode and transitory incident that the moral consciousness of the fact will play an important part in the political future.

The significance of the manifesto is the revolutionary condition of French politics. Parties do not divide upon policies, or measures, or persons, but upon the nature of the government. That danger to the government which is a figure of speech in this country when we denounce the opposite party, is actual in France. The election of pronounced Orleanists to the Assembly would mean the overthrow of the republic, and it will be both urged and resisted upon the ground of safety to the state. This situation exposes the existing system of government to the severest strain. Prohibition of Orleanist or monarchical votes is out of the question. It is not yet demonstrated whether the monarchists would be a faction or a majority. The frank and vigorous declaration of the Count of Paris must have necessarily a very great influence. It will seem to many Frenchmen the proclamation of a steady, orderly, constitutional, conservative, and strong government, under which all rights and interests would be more secure than under a system which constantly tends to anarchical control, and is not strong enough to exclude anarchists. It will show that monarchical government is not merely an aspiration and vague possibility, but that it is already represented by a trained, sagacious, and able descendant of old French rulers, intelligently susceptible to all modern influences and sentiments, and surrounded by clever and organized supporters. It is not improbable, certainly, that the manifesto of the Count of Paris marks the opening of another exciting epoch in French politics.

THE PAN-ELECTRIC SCANDAL.

The reports upon the Pan-Electric speculation confirm substantially the familiar statements in the newspapers, and give them official and authentic form. Public men were presented with stock for the use of their names, and one of them, Mr. Garland, a Senator of the United States, gave a professional opinion which was intended to enhance the value of the stock and promote its sale, and subsequently being appointed Attorney-General of the United States, a suit for the benefit of the stock company was authorized by a subordinate to be conducted by the office of which the Attorney-General is the head.

Probably nobody attributes corruption to the Attorney-General. But the impropriety of such conduct is glaring, and no man who could be so blind to its necessary significance as the Attorney-General has shown himself to be can properly fill the office of Attorney-General of the United States. It is not necessary that an officer should commit impeachable offences in order to make his retirement from the cabinet indispensable. No man of whom the plain tale of Mr. Garland's connection with the Pan-Electric enterprise can be truthfully told can remain Attorney-General of the United States without a cloud upon the Administration and a discredit to the country.

There is no difference of opinion, so far as we know, in regard to the impropriety of that connection. But as it did not imply necessarily anything more than extreme folly and obtuseness of perception, and as a summary request for his resignation would have been interpreted by party enmity as complete proof of the worst allegations against him, the President naturally waited until there should be an authoritative and responsible statement. Such a statement has now been made, and there can be no longer any plausible reason for the continuance of Mr. Garland in the cabinet. His conduct, arising from his want of a just estimate of the total freedom from questionable transactions which every public man must maintain, does not constitute a huge public scandal in the sense of the Crédit Mobilier, the whiskey frauds, and the Star Route swindles, but it does involve scandal for the Administration and its party, which is greater with every day, that it is a member of the cabinet who has been guilty of this gross official impropriety.

OFFENSIVE PARTISANSHIP.

The axe of removal has justly fallen upon offensive Republican partisans in office. Has it equally fallen upon offensive Democratic partisans? The records of the Senate have shown that the conduct of some officers appointed within a year to supersede offensive partisans has surpassed in offensiveness that of those who were superseded. The *Times* has shown the extreme and offensive partisanship of the Collector of New York. Has dismissal of such officers followed the proof? These are very important questions for the Administration. The facts will be unquestionably brought to light, and judgment will be rendered accordingly.

The Indianapolis *Journal* states that the Convention which recently renominated Mr. Holman for Congress was full of government employés. It specifies Collector Hunter and Indian Agent Bannister, and "dozens of lesser lights in the Federal service helping the Judge in his fight." The *Journal* adds, tauntingly, "They knew they would not be disturbed by this hypocritical Administration; and they will not be." Upon this precise point the President said, in his letter of acceptance, "They should be neither expected nor allowed to do questionable party service."

That the Collector, Indian Agent, and Postmasters were at the Convention—if they were actually there—to do party service of the kind contemplated by the President, and that their conduct was incompatible with what he justly calls "quiet and unobtrusive exercise of individual political rights," is undeniable. They were doing what capable and honest officers in the public service have been removed for doing. They were plainly, and undoubtedly intentionally, defying the Executive, and ought to be summarily removed. The familiar buncombe about interference with the political rights of American citizens need frighten nobody. It is the office-holders who interfere with those rights, by urging the favor or disfavor of patronage-mongers to influence action. The civil service is not more sacred than the military. Both are paid out of the public Treasury. And if officers of the army and navy properly abstain from active partisanship, so should Collectors and Postmasters. Nothing would be more effective in securing an honorable observance of the law in every office to which it applies than the prompt discipline of Democratic offenders. The rule of offensive partisanship has been rigorously applied to Republicans, but it is not known to have been applied with equal rigor to Democrats. But nothing would more surely strengthen the President in public confidence than the plain and emphatic proof that in this matter of prostituting a public trust to a party purpose he is no respecter of offensive partisans.

THE DOLDRUMS.

The refusal of the Democratic House to take up Mr. Morrison's bill for a revision of the tariff in certain particulars merely shows that the Democratic party has no tariff policy. The party contains some ardent revenue reformers and free-traders, but they accept their constant rebuffs and defeats with equanimity, and continue to march in line with their protective brethren. This situation proves that they do not regard the tariff as a party issue, and that the party connection is precious to them for some other purpose than revision of the tariff.

What is that purpose? It is not reform in the civil service, because they flout it. It is not some special foreign policy, because there is none. It is not silver coinage, because upon that they are equally divided. One thing, indeed, the Democratic House has accomplished; it has taxed one industry for the benefit of another. All this shows that the party is more precious than any purpose of the party, and that again strongly illustrates what we have often remarked, and what is plain to the dullest, that the parties represent no great principle or policy, and that our politics are almost wholly personal.

If the Democratic party be a free-trade party, or a reform party, or a silver-coinage party, Mr. Randall, for instance, cannot be called a Democrat, because he favors none of these things. But if it be a protectionist, or reform, or anti-silver-coinage party, its claims are those of the Republicans. Yet Mr. Randall is still in good repute as a Democrat. He is a Democratic leader, and commands the Democratic caucus with an airy jest. Any protectionist and any opponent of reform or of the continued coinage of silver may safely vote for Mr. Randall. Could there be a more striking illustration of the actual situation?

MEMORIAL OF BAYARD TAYLOR.

An Episcopal church was recently consecrated at Kennett Square, in Pennsylvania, the little town in which Bayard Taylor was born. One of the chief ornaments of the church is a large memorial window, the main portion illustrating the Good Samaritan, designed by one of Mr. Taylor's friends, and on the upper part there is an open book with these lines of Taylor's:

> "Till the sun grows cold, and the stars are old,
> And the leaves of the judgment book unfold."

At the bottom of the window there is an inscription: "In memoriam Bayard Taylor, joyous poet, loyal comrade, patient and generous brother in toil and song. Born Kennett, Pa., January 11, 1825. Died Berlin, Germany, December 19, 1878."

The window is the gift of many of Bayard Taylor's personal and literary friends, who cherish his memory affectionately, and who gladly honor him as one of the simplest and most manly of men. The inscription well calls him "generous brother in toil and song." He was an incessant and amazing worker. His proudest ambition was to write his name among the poets who will be remembered, and the eager and honorable endeavor was wholly unsullied by jealousy or suspicion.

Taylor's was a noble and generous nature; a life which achieved much success; a memory unclouded by reproach. And if his story has a deep pathos, it is not that of talents misused, of opportunities slighted, of time foolishly squandered, but only of the wide gulf between purpose and achievement, between lofty ambition and the result of the noblest effort.

THE EGYPTIAN EXPLORATION FUND.

An illustrated article on Tanis, or Zoan, by Miss Amelia B. Edwards, which will be published in an early number of Harper's Magazine, will reawaken public interest in the Egyptian Exploration Fund. The general object is the elucidation by actual discoveries and recoveries of historical, Biblical, classical, and geographical points, and to extend our knowledge of ancient Oriental civilization. The array of American and English subscribers is very numerous, dignified, and imposing, and the executive officers devote themselves to the work with most edifying zeal. The Rev. W. C. Winslow, of Boston, is honorary treasurer for America, and he is fully prepared to receive subscriptions from five dollars to as many thousands as an enlightened interest may desire to contribute. Each contributor of the smaller sum receives a memoir of the season's work and other documents, and such contributors would seem to have the best assurance that the work is in the proper hands.

PERSONAL.

The Hon. David Dudley Field, now in his eighty-second year, but looking not older than sixty, still rides horseback daily, and is in perfect health. This exercise, he said the other day, is the best possible for old men, because it produces the desired results with the least exertion. Asked whether the chances of a young lawyer's success are as good now in New York city as fifty years ago, he replied: "Just as good. Legal success has always been difficult. What is needed are brains, attention, and vitality." Mr. Field is over six feet high, and weighs two hundred and fifteen pounds.

—More than fifty thousand copies of Mr. William Blaikie's little manual, *How to Get Strong*, have already been sold, and the author has received congratulatory letters from Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Thomas Hughes, the Marquis of Lorne, Dr. McCosh, President Eliot, Mr. Beecher, and many other notables. He has a scrap-book of three hundred pages filled with complimentary epistles and newspaper clippings concerning a volume that has had a sale larger than that of any other book on athletics ever published.

—An ex-judge of this city has been reducing his weight to the extent of thirty pounds by horseback exercise, and Mr. Blaikie declares that any exercise that causes perspiration for half an hour daily will be followed by a similar result. He has witnessed many demonstrations of his belief in this respect, and he professionally advises his corpulent friends that no system of dietetics is half so efficacious for the removal of superabundant flesh as the perspiration that comes from daily exercise in the open air. He intends to communicate his views on this subject to President Cleveland. "It is surprising to note," remarks the London *News* of June 16, "how large a portion of humanity is perturbed over the question of fat and its preponderance." Mr. Blaikie once lost a pound in weight by rowing a boat for twenty minutes.

—Behind a shop window on Broadway hangs the following letter, written in an easy English hand on a small sheet of note-paper:

"Executive Mansion, Washington.
"Mr. ——,—I authorize you to continue the sale of my photographs.
"Frances Cleveland."

—Mr. William H. Beard, the artist, remembers that forty odd years ago, in Ohio, the boys used to amuse themselves by cutting on the backs of stray turtles the inscription, "G. W., 1776," and then letting the reptiles go; and one of his humorous drawings depicts a solemn antiquarian in the act of examining a turtle so marked. Mr. Beard was interested the other day to learn that a distinguished brother artist had recently found in a New Jersey swamp a turtle whose back bore the same "G. W., 1776," especially as the discoverer inclined to the belief that the animal, if not a relic of the boyhood of the Father of his Country, was at least a true specimen of longevity.

—A young surgeon of this city was enough interested in the death of Bombé, the big rhinoceros, to go to the Central Park and investigate the circumstances. He returned with the conviction that the primary cause of Bombé's untimely departure was not pneumonia, but overexertion in attempting to climb out of his imperfectly constructed cage. Had the roof of the cage been properly built, the animal could not have broken it, and his fatigue would have been spared. An examination of his lungs showed that they were only in the first stage of pneumonia, and Bombé really died of exhaustion.

—M. Jules Lefebvre, who has received from his fellow-artists in this year's Salon the Medal of Honor in Painting, is well known in this country through his full-length figures of ideal feminine subjects, the drawing of which possesses many of the rare qualities that have made Bouguereau famous.

—The last words written by the late Dr. Austin Flint were a protest against the doctrine that a medical specialist, in his sentiments and conduct, should be any the less a physician, or should esteem less sacredly the honor, dignity, and usefulness of the medical profession as a whole. If the effect of specialism be otherwise, he exclaimed, alas for the medical profession of the future!

—Mr. Harold Frederic, the London correspondent of the New York *Times*, who displayed great courage and enterprise in professional duty during the prevalence of the cholera at Marseilles, received the compliment of a dinner from his journalistic friends on the eve of his return to England. Among the speakers were Mayor Grace and Mr. George Jones.

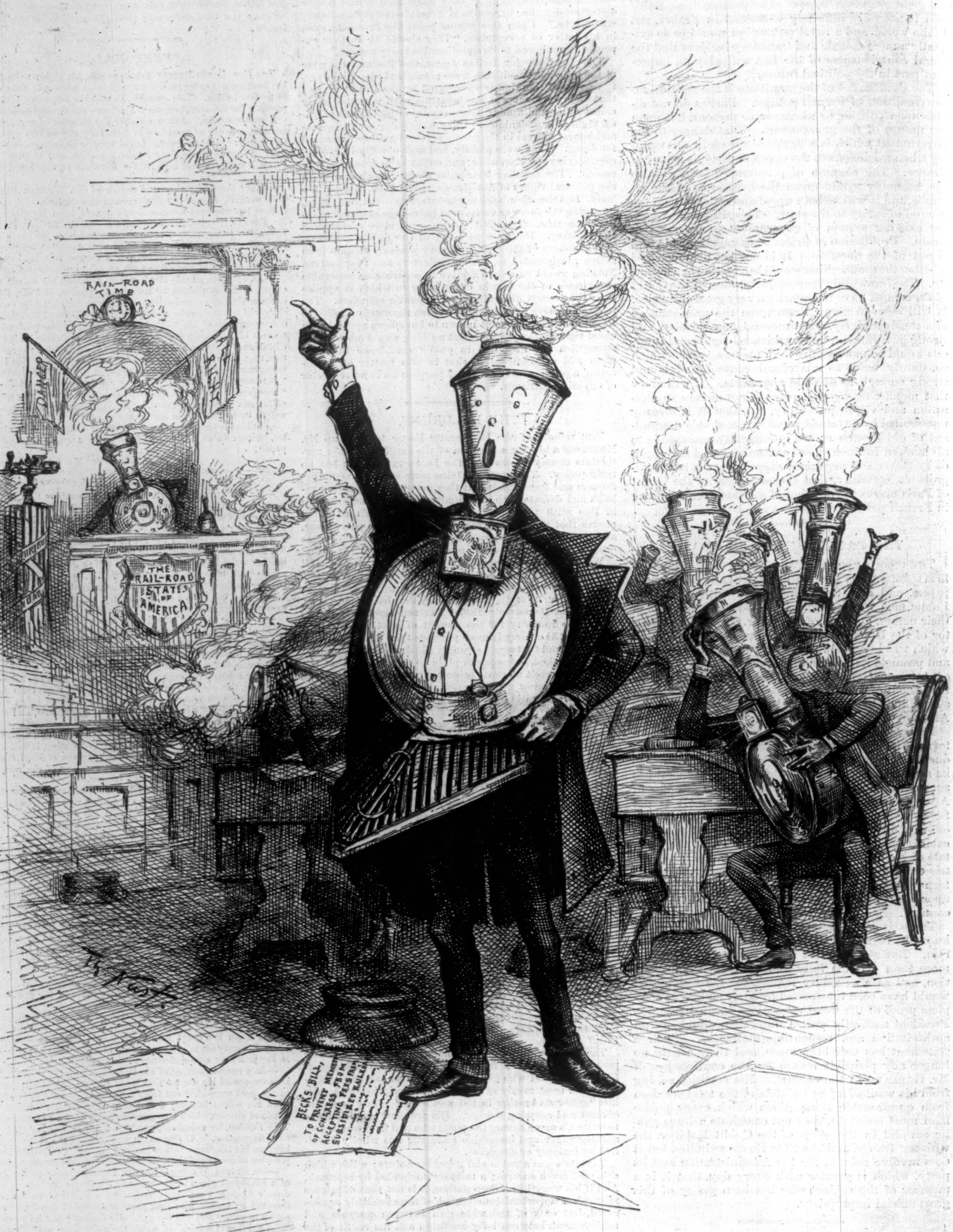
—A few days before his suicide the late King Louis of Bavaria was heard to say, "I can suffer the government to be taken out of my hands, but I will not survive the assertion that I am mad." Much degeneration in the skull, in the brain, and in its coverings was found during the *post-mortem* examination.

—Professor Charles Waldstein objects to the views of a French critic who holds that certain discoveries made by the professor in the galleries of the Louvre implied a corresponding ignorance on the part of the directors of that institution. "As a director of a museum myself" (the Fitzwilliam Museum at Cambridge), "I should deem it a great misfortune were I forced to believe that every discovery made in the museum of which I have charge would so far prove my own deficiency in astuteness."

—At a recent meeting of the Browning Society one of the members expressed his sorrow that many sincere and ardent admirers of the poet were shut out from half the enjoyment to be derived from his works because they had no ear for his music—"that music of rhythm which characterizes most of Browning's poems." This rhythm, he explained, was "an inner rhythm, or rhythm of the imagination." If Browning was obscure, the fact was partly because his language "often hovered between the inarticulate expression of music and the articulate expression of common speech."

—Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes impressed one of the guests at a breakfast given in his honor by Professor McAlister, of St. John's College, Cambridge, as having a rich and mellow voice, dowered by nature with that peculiar *timbre* of sensibility which seems to caress and win the ear. He declared that he never saw "the red-tipped daisies" of which the poets sing, until Tennyson, when walking with him, picked one and showed him the red tips underneath.

—Mr. Gladstone, when about to deliver his great speech at Edinburgh, appeared upon the stage of the Music Hall accompanied by Mrs. Gladstone. Tremendous cheering and a great waving of handkerchiefs and hats greeted him as he removed his Inverness cape and disclosed a dress-coat, the lapel of which was decorated with white flowers and fern. No time was wasted by the chairman of the meeting in introducing him, and "after a brief struggle to open the irreverently styled pomatum-pot containing his famed 'judicious mixture' for the throat"—as a Scotch reporter describes it—he entered upon his brilliant and majestic eloquence. "Gladstone worship," says an English journal, "is becoming a real idolatry in the midst of us, and the old maxim that the king can do no wrong is applied unhesitatingly to the uncrowned king of the new democracy."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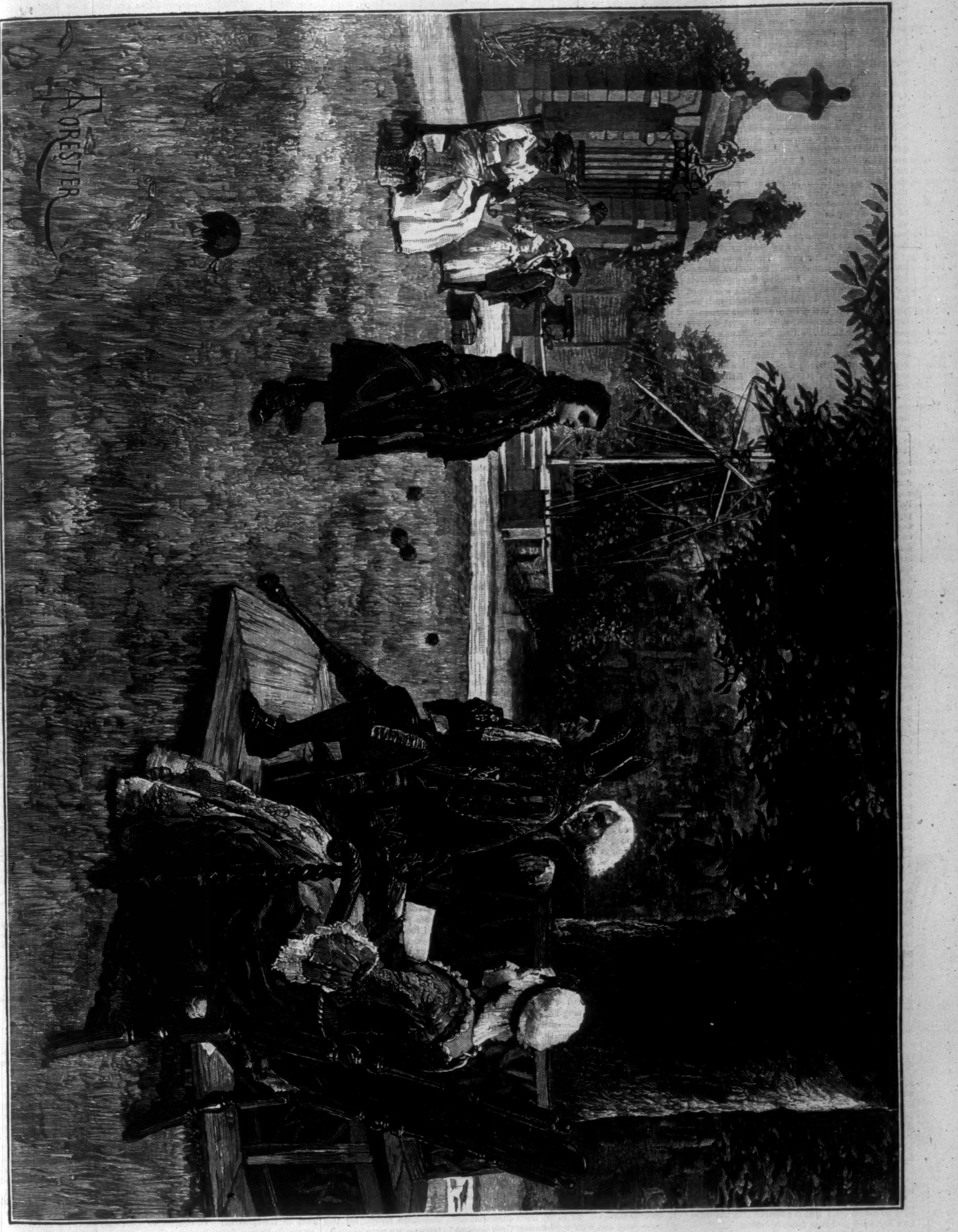
THE SENATORIAL ROUND-HOUSE.

THE HONORABLE BODY OF LOCO-FOCOS. "The Bill is a stigma upon every member of the legal profession—"
"It strikes at the honor and dignity of the humblest member of that honorable profession—"
"Until the Senate could be made up of angels from heaven, Senators would be biassed by something—"
"Hurtful to the interests of the country and to the character of the Senate—"



"JACK STEPPED ACROSS THE LAWN, LUGGED OFF HIS HAT WITH A DUCK AND A BEND, AND SAID, 'COME ABOARD, SIR.'"

THE WORLD WENT VERY WELL THEN.

By WALTER BESANT,

Author of "All Sorts and Conditions of Men," "The Chaplain of the Fleet," "So They Were Married," etc., etc.

CHAPTER II.

HOW JACK CAME TO DEPTFORD.

Of these two boys, one—namely, Jack Easterbrook—was not a native born of Deptford, but of Gosport. And since it is his history that has to be related, it is well that the manner of his coming and the nature of his early life should be first set forth.

On a certain warm summer afternoon in the year of grace seventeen hundred and forty-four, when I, who write this history, was but a child of seven, and Castilla six (we are now nearing threescore years, and on the downward slope of life), there sat beneath the shade of a great walnut-tree, on a smooth bowling-green, two gentlemen and a lady, the former on a rustic bench of twisted and misshapen branches or roots, and the latter in an elbow-chair. The lady, who had a small lace cap on her head, and wore a laced apron, held a book in her hands; but the hands and book lay in her lap, and her eyes were closed. The two gentlemen were taking an afternoon pipe of tobacco. One of them—this was Rear-Admiral Sayer—was at this time some fifty-five years of age. He wore a blue coat with gold buttons, but it was without the famous white facings which his Majesty King George the Second afterward commanded for the uniform of his naval officers; his right leg had been lost in action, and was replaced by a wooden leg, now stuck out straight before him as he sat on the bench. He had also lost his left arm, and one sleeve of his coat was empty. He wore a full wig of George the First's time; his face was full, his cheeks red, and his eyebrows thick and fierce, yet his eyes were kindly. There was a scar across his forehead, which a Moorish scimitar had laid bare.

His companion wore the wig and cassock of a clergyman; he was, in fact, the Vicar of St. Paul's, Deptford. At the back of the bowling-green stood the house—of modern erection—with a pediment of stone, and pilasters, and a stone porch, very fine; on either side of the house was the garden, filled with fruit trees and beds for vegetables. The garden was surrounded by a brick wall, older than the house, covered with lichen, stone-crop, wall-pellitory, yellow wallflowers, and long grasses. The house and garden were protected by great iron gates, within which marched, all day long, an old negro in the Admiral's livery, and wearing a cockade, armed with a cutlass. A small carronade stood beside the gates, for the purpose of announcing sunrise and sunset; and there was a mast, with standing gear and yards complete, at the head of which floated the Union-Jack. Two children were playing with the bowls on the grass; and in a chair, so placed that the hot sunshine could fall with the greatest effect upon her face, there sat a negress, already old, a red cotton handkerchief twisted round her head, and in her lap some knitting. But Philadelphy, like her mistress, was sound asleep.

It was a sleepy afternoon. The drones and the bumblebees—"dumbledores" we called them—buzzed lazily about the flowers; the doves cooed sleepily from the dove-cot; there was a hen not far off which expressed her satisfaction with the weather and her brood by a continual and comfortable "took—took—took"; the great dog lay asleep at the Admiral's foot, the cat was asleep beside it; from the trees there came, now and then, the contented note of a blackbird, and the flag at the mast, which was rigged within the iron gates, hung in folds, flapping lazily in the light air. The two children played for the most part in silence, or else in whispers, so as not to awaken Philadelphy. The two gentlemen smoked their tobacco in silence—it was not a day for talking; besides, they saw each other nearly every day, and therefore each knew the other's sentiments, and there was no room for discussion.

Suddenly there were heard footsteps outside, and just as one awakes out of a dream, so all started and became instantly wide-awake. Madam took up her book, the Admiral straightened his back, the Vicar knocked the ashes out of his pipe, and the children ran to the gates, which Cudjo, the negro, threw wide open, a grin of welcome on his lips. Then there appeared a boy, dressed in a blue coat not made for him, and too long in the sleeves, worn and shabby, dusty with travel, with brass buttons; his knitted stockings were torn, showing his bare legs; he wore a common speckled shirt like the watermen's children; on his head was a little three-cornered hat, cocked in nautical fashion. He strutted proudly across the grass, regardless of his rags, with as much importance as if he had been a full-blown midshipman. For my own part, I have never lost to this day the sense of his superiority to myself and the rest of mankind. Castilla makes the same confession. Like myself, she owns that, child as she then was, she felt her inferiority to a boy so masterful. He was at this time, and always, a singularly handsome boy, tall and big for his age, his head thrown back, his brown eyes full of fire, and his hand at all times ready to become a fist. His hair was long, and lay in curls, and untied, upon his shoulders. After him walked the negro who had brought him from Gosport, and now carried on his shoulder a box containing all the boy's worldly goods. They consisted of a toy ship, carved for him by some sailor at Gosport, a pistol which had been his father's, his mother's Bible, a Church prayer-book, and a knife. This was all the inheritance of the poor boy. As the servant bore this precious box through the gates, he knocked the corner against the rails.

"Steady," said the boy, turning sharply round, "steady with the kit, ye lubber!"

The First Lieutenant himself could not have admonished a man more haughtily. Then he halted, and took a leisurely observation of the scene. Presently he espied the Admiral, and recognizing in his appearance and dress something nautical—it would have been difficult to mistake the Admiral for anything but a sailor—Jack stepped across the lawn, lugged off his hat with a duck and a bend, and said: "Come aboard, sir. With submission and dutiful respect, Admiral."

The Admiral laid down his pipe, and leaned forward, hand on knee, his wooden leg sticking out before him.

"So," he said. "This looks like the son of my old friend. What is thy name, child?"

"Jack Easterbrook, sir."

"The son of my old shipmate?"

"The same, sir."

"Parson," said the Admiral, "forty-five years ago I was just such a little shaver as this, and so was his father. Hang me if the boy isn't a sailor already! Thy father, boy, was carried off by a sunstroke while his ship was lying in Kingston Harbor."

"Yes, sir."

"In command of his Majesty's frigate *Racehorse*, forty-four."

"The same, sir."

"And thy mother, poor soul! is dead and gone too."

"Yes, sir," said the boy, looking for a moment as if he would cry. But it passed. The Admiral took his stick and rose from his chair.

"Let us," he said, gravely, "overhaul the boy a bit. Thy father, Jack, was the best officer in his Majesty's service—the very best officer, whether for navigation or for fighting—which is the reason why they kept him back, and promoted the reptiles who crawl up the back stairs and make interest with a great man's lackey. He now lies buried in Jamaica, more's the pity. Look me in the face, sirrah—so. A tall and proper lad—a brave and gallant lad. What shall we make of him?"

Jack's face became a lively crimson at this question. We were now all gathered round him—Castilla looking shyly and with admiring eyes; and I, for my own part, thinking that here was the finest and bravest boy I had ever set eyes on.

"Well, now," said the Admiral, holding the boy's chin in his hand and looking at him steadily, "I warrant, Parson, this boy will be all for book-learning, and we must make him a scholar—eh? Then, some day, he shall rise to be a Reverend Doctor of Divinity, a Dean, or even a Bishop in lawn sleeves. What sayest thou, Jack?" Here the Admiral took his hand from the boy's chin, shut one eye, and looked mighty cunning.

Jack shook his head dolefully, and then laughed, looking up as if he knew very well that this was a joke.

"Well, well, there are other things. We can make thee a compounder of boluses, and so thou shalt ride in a coach and wear a great wig, and call thyself physician. 'Tis a fine trade, and a fat, when fevers are abroad."

But Jack again shook his head and laughed. This was a really fine joke, one that can be carried on a long time.

"He will not be a physician. The boy is hard to please. Well, he can, if he likes, become a lawyer, and wear a black gown, and argue a poor fellow to the gallows. Of such they make Lord Chancellors. At sea their name is Shark."

"No, sir," said Jack, with decision, because every joke hath its due limits. "No, sir, I thank you. With submission, sir, I cannot be a lawyer."

"Here is a boy for you. One would think he was too good for this world. Perhaps he would like to wear his Majesty's scarlet, and follow the drum and fife, the King's enemies on land. It is as great an honor to bear the King's commission by land as by sea. It is a good service too, when wars are going, though in times of peace there is too much disbanding by half. But a lad might do worse. Think of it, Jack!"

"Oh! sir," said Jack, coloring again, "I would not be a soldier."

"Then, Jack, Jack, do thy looks belie thee? What? Would'st not surely choose to be a sneakin' snivelling quill-driver in a merchant's office?"

"No, sir; I would rather starve! Sir," said Jack, his eyes flashing, "I would be a sailor, if only before the mast!"

"Why, there!" cried the Admiral, laying his hand on the boy's head. "What else could the boy be? He is salt all through. Hark ye, my lad: do thy duty and thou shalt be a sailor, as thy father was before thee. Ay, and shalt stand in good time upon thy own quarter-deck and carry thy ship into action, as bravely as thy father, or even good old Benbow himself."

Thus came Jack to Deptford, being then nine years of age.

Some things there are—I mean not travellers' tales of one-legged men, and such as have their heads between their shoulders, and griffins and such monsters, but things which happen among ourselves and in our midst—which are so strange that the narration of them must be supported by whatever character for truth, honesty, and soberness of mind may be possessed by the narrator and those who pretend to have been eye-witnesses. As regards the history which follows, it is proper to explain that there is, besides myself, only one other person who knows all the particulars. Mr. Brinjes, it is true, knew them; but he has gone away long since, and must now, I think, certainly be dead. The Admiral, before his death, was told the truth, which greatly comforted him in his last moments; and I thought it right to tell all I knew to my father, who was much moved by the strangeness of the circumstances, and quoted certain passages from Holy Writ as regards the practice of witchcraft and magic. Perhaps the man Aaron Fletcher knew something of the truth, but in the end he was convicted as a notorious smuggler, and sentenced to transportation to his Majesty's plantations, where he died of a calenture, being unable to endure the excessive and scorching heat of the sun, and his spirit broken by the overseer's whip. Everybody, it is true, knows how Captain Easterbrook brought his ship home, and what followed. This is a matter of notoriety. There is not a man, woman, or child but can tell you the astonishing and wonderful story, the like of which has never been in the history of the British navy. They have even made a ballad of it, very moving, which is sung in the sailors' mug-houses not only in Deptford itself, but in Portsmouth, Woolwich, Sheerness, Chatham, and Plymouth. But to know one fact is not to know the whole history.

As for me, who design to write the truth concerning this strange history, it is well that you who read it should know that I take myself to be a person of reputable life and of sober judgment, and one who has the fear of God in his mind, and would not willingly give circulation to lying fables. My father, the Rev. Luke Anguish, Artium Magister, formerly of St. John's College, Cambridge, of which society he was a Fellow, was the first Vicar of St. Paul's Church, Deptford; the new church, that is, in the upper part of the town, which was completed in the year 1736. By calling, I am a painter in oil-colors; not, I dare say, a Sir Joshua Reynolds or a Gainsborough, yet of no mean repute as a painter of ships. It were unworthy of me to say more than that my pictures have met with approbation from persons of rank, and that I have been honored by the highest patronage, even by members of the House of Lords, not to speak of the Lord Mayor and Aldermen. As for the contention of Castilla that her husband is the finest painter of ships ever known, that may be the partiality of a jealous and tender spouse. I am contented to leave the judgment of my work to those who shall follow after me. I do not paint ships upon the ocean, because I have never yet gazed upon the ocean, and know not, except from pictures, how the sea should be painted, or a ship rolling upon the sea. My subjects are ships in harbor, ships lying off Deptford Creek, ships in dock, ships in building, ships in ordinary, ships ashore, ships in the Pool, ships sailing up and down the river, and especially with the sun in the west shining on the sails, and painting all the cordage as of gold, just as happened when Jack brought home his prize; also ships lying in an autumnal fog, and great barges sunk down to an inch of freeboard with their cargoes of hay. Nothing finer can be painted, to my mind, than the picture of such a barge lying on a still and misty day, with the sun overhead like a plate of copper, the brown sails half lowered, and the ropes hanging loose.

I suppose that the best place in the world for a boy who is about to become a sailor, as well as for one who loves to paint ships, must be Deptford, which seems to many so mean and despicable a town. Mean and despicable to Jack and to myself it would never be, because here our boyhood was spent, and here we played with Castilla; here we first learned to sit by the river-side and watch the craft go up and down, with those at anchor and those in dock. At Deptford, where the water is never rough enough to capsize a tilt-boat, we are at the very gates of London; we can actually see the Pool: we are, in a word, on the Thames.

The Thames is not, I believe, the largest river in the world; the great Oroonoko is broader, and, I dare say, longer; the Nile is certainly a greater stream. Yet there is no other river which is so majestic by reason of its shipping and its trade. For hither come ships, laden with palm-oil and ivory, from the Guinea Coast; from Norway and Riga, with wood and tallow; from Holland, with stuffs and spices and provisions of all kinds; from the West Indies, with rum and sugar; from the East Indies, with rice; from China, with tea and silk; from Arabia, with coffee; from Newcastle, with coal. There is no kind of merchandise produced in the world which is not carried up the Thames to the port of London. And there is no kind of ship or boat built to swim in the sea, except, I suppose, the Chinese junk, the Morisco galley, or the piratical craft of the Eastern Seas, which does not lie at anchor in the Thames, somewhere between Greenwich Reach and London Bridge. East Indiamen, brigs, brigantines, schooners, yachts, sloops, galliots, tenders, colliers, hoys, barges, smacks, herring-busses, or hog-boats—all are here. And not only these, which are peaceful ships, only armed with carronades and muskets for defence against pirates, but also his Majesty's men-of-war, frigates, sloops of war, cutters, fire-ships, and every kind of vessel employed to beat off the enemies of the country, who would prey upon our commerce and destroy our merchantmen. On that very day when Jack came was there not, lying off Deptford Creek, the *Redoubtable*, having received her stores, provisions, and ammunition, and now waiting her captain and her crew?—and I warrant the press-gang were busy at Wapping and at Ratcliffe. Beside her lay the sloop of war *Venus*, the *Pink*, and *Lively*, and off the dock mouth was the *Hector*, lying in ordinary, a broad canvas tilt or awning rigged up from stem to stern. So that those who look up and down the river from Deptford Stairs see not only the outward and visible proofs of England's trade, but also those of England's greatness. Or, again—which may be useful to the painter—one may see not only at Deptford and at Redriff, but above the river, at Wapping, Shadwell, and Blackwall, every kind of sailor; they are mostly alike in manners and in morals—and one hopes that to sailors much is pardoned, and that from them little is expected—but they differ in their speech and in their dress. There is the phlegmatic Hollander, never without his pipe; the mild Norwegian, the fiery Spaniard, ready with his dagger; the fierce Italian, equally ready with his knife, the treacherous Greek; and the Frenchman. But the last we generally see—since it is our lot to be often at war with his nation—as a prisoner, when he comes to us half starved, ragged, and in very evil plight. Yet give these poor French prisoners only warmth, light, and food, and they will turn out to be most light-hearted and merry blades, always cheerful and ready to talk, sing, and dance, and always making ingenious things with a knife and a piece of wood. Perhaps if we knew this people better, and they knew us better, we should be less ready to go to war with each other.

Those who live in such a town as Deptford, and continually witness this procession of ships, cannot choose but be sensible of the greatness of the country, and must perforce talk continually with each other of foreign ports and places beyond the ocean. Also because they witness the coming and going of the King's ships (some of them pretty well battered on their return, I promise you); and because they hear, all day long, and never ending, save on Sunday, the sound of hammer and of saw, the whistling of the bo's'ns and foremen, the rolling of casks, the ringing of bells, and all the noise which accompanies the building and the fitting of ships; and smell perpetually the tar and the pitch (which some love better than the smell of roses and of violets)—they cannot refrain from talking continually of actions at sea, feats of bravery, and the like. All the towns-people talk of these things, and of little else. And, besides, in these years there was the more reason for this kind of conversation because we were always at war with France and Spain, fighting, among other things, to drive the French out of America, and so to enable the ungrateful colonies to make us, shortly afterward, follow the lead of the French. Every day there came fresh news of actions, skirmishes, captures, wrecks, burnings. The Channel and the Bay of Biscay swarmed with French privateers as thick as wasps in an orchard. There was not a lugger on the coast of Normandy but stole out of a night to pick up some English craft; every fleet of merchantmen sailed under convoy, and every sailor looked for death or a French prison unless he would fight it out unto the end.

The people of London are strangely incurious—many there are who know nothing about the very monuments standing in their midst—and so that they can read every day the news from France and Spain, they care little about their own country. Therefore Deptford, which lies at their very gates, is as little known to them as if it were in Wales. Some, it is true, come every year on St. Luke's Day to join the rabble at Horn Fair, landing at Rotherhithe, and walking to Charlton with the procession of mad wags who carry horns on their heads to that scene of debauchery and riot; and once a year, on Trinity Monday, the elders of the Trinity House assemble at the Great Hall behind St. Nicolas's, and after business go to church, and after church, dinner at the Gun Tavern on the Green. And the ships of the Royal Navy come and go at the Royal Yard almost daily. Otherwise Deptford hath no visitors. I do not say that it is a beautiful city, though, as for streets, we have the Green and Church Street; and as for monuments, until late years there were the great House and gardens of Saye's Court, now lying desolate and miserable, partly enclosed in the King's Yard and partly given over to rank weeds and puddles. Here it was that the great Peter, Czar of Muscovy, once lived. There are also the two churches of St. Nicolas and St. Paul, both stately buildings, and temples fit for worship, the latter especially, which is like its sister churches, built about the same time, of Limehouse, St. George's, Ratcliffe, Hoxton, Bethnal Green, Hackney, St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, Camden Town, and others—majestic with its vast round portico of stone and its commanding terrace. Then there are the two hospitals or almshouses, both named after the Holy Trinity, for decayed mariners and their widows. To my own mind these monuments of benevolence, which stand so thickly all round London, are fairer than the most magnificent King's Palace of which we can read. Let the Great Bashaw have as many gilded palaces as he pleases for himself and his seraglio; let our palaces be those which are worthy of a free people, namely, homes and places of refuge for the aged and deserving poor, and those who are quite spent and now past work.

I suppose there are few places richer and more fortunate than Deptford and its neighbor, Greenwich, in these foundations. At the latter place there is the great and noble Naval Hospital, now inhabited by nearly two thousand honest veterans—they will never, be sure, be turned out of this, their stately home, until England hath lost her pride in her sailors. There is Morden College, for decayed merchants; there is Norfolk, also called Trinity, College, for the poor of Greenwich, and of Dersingham, in Norfolk; and there is Queen Elizabeth's Hospital, for poor women. So, at Deptford, we have those two noble foundations, both named after the Holy Trinity, one behind St Nicolas's, and the other behind St. Paul's, the latter especially being a goodly structure, with a fair quadrangular court, a commodious hall, and gardens fitted for quiet meditation and for rest in the sunshine during the latest trembling years of life. I do not think that even Morden College itself, with its canal in front, and its stately alleys of trees, or Norfolk College, with its convenient stone terrace overlooking the river, and its spacious garden, is more beautiful than the Hospital of the Holy Trinity beside St. Paul's Church, Deptford, especially if one considers the stormy, anxious, and harassed lives to which it offers rest and repose. They have been lives spent on the sea: not in the pursuit of honor won at the cannon's mouth and by boarding-pike in fighting the King's enemies, but in the gathering of wealth for others to enjoy, none of their gains coming to themselves. The merchant captain brings home his cargo safe after perils many and hardships great, but the cargo is not for him. His owners, or those who have chartered the ship, receive the freight; it is bought with their money and sold for their profit. For the captain and the crew there is their bare wage, and when they can work no longer, perhaps, if they are fortunate, a room in a hospital or almshouse, with the weekly dole of loaves and shillings.

The tract of land (it is not great) lying at the back of Trinity Almshouses and the Stowage, contained by the last bend of the Creek before it runs into the river, is rented by two or three market-gardeners, and laid out by them for the production of fruit and vegetables.

As these gardens lay retired and behind the houses, no one ever came to them except the gardeners themselves, who are quiet, peaceful folk. About the orchards here and the beds of asparagus, peas, endive, skirrett, and the rest of the vegetables grown for the London market, lies ever an abiding sense of peace; and this although one cannot but hear the continual hammering of the dock-yard, the firing of salutes, and the yohoing and roaring of voices which all day long come up from the ships upon the river. I know not how we came to know these gardens, or to find them out. I used to wander in them with Castilla, when we were little children, with Philadelphy for nurse; we took Jack Easterbrook to show him the place as soon as he came to us; we thought, I believe—as children love to think of anything—that the gardens were our own, though, of course, we were only there on sufferance, and because the gardeners knew we should neither destroy nor steal.

Perhaps the chief reason why we sought the place (because we had gardens of our own at home) was that, just beyond the last bend of the Creek, there stood, on the very edge of the steep bank—here twenty feet above low-water mark—an old summer-house, built of wood. It was octagonal in shape, having a pointed roof of shingle, with a gilded weathercock upon it. Three sides contained windows, all looking upon the river; another side consisted of a door; and a bench ran round the room, except on the side of the door. It had once been painted green, but the paint was now for the most part fallen off; the shingle roof was leaky, and let in the rain; the weathercock was rusty, and stuck at due east; the planks of the wall had started; the door hardly hung upon its hinges; the glass of the windows was broken, and the whole structure was so crazy that I wonder it kept together, and did not either tumble to pieces or slip down the steep bank into the ooze of the Creek. In this summer-house the great Czar Peter, when he was learning how to build ships in Deptford Yard, would, it was said, sometimes come to sit with his princes or heydues, on a summer evening, to drink brandy, to look at the ships, and to meditate how best to convert his enslaved Muscovites into the likeness of free and honest English sailors. We had small respect for the memory of the Czar, but as for the old summer-house, it was all our own, because no one used it except ourselves. For us it was a fortress or castle where we could play at being besieged, the ships in the river representing the enemy's fleet. Jack would sally forth and perform prodigies of valor in bringing in provisions for the garrison. Or it was our ship, in which we sustained imaginary broadsides, and encountered shipwreck, and were cast away, Jack being captain and Castilla the passenger, while I was alternately bo's'n, first lieutenant, or cook, according to the exigencies of the situation. But very soon Jack grew too big for these games, and left us to ourselves. Then we fell to more quiet sport. It was pleasant to watch the ships go up and down the river, and fine to see how the tide rushed up the Creek below us, making whirlpools and eddies, and setting upright the boats lying on their sides in the mud, and trying to tear down the bank on which stood our rickety palace. We seemed to know every craft, from the great East Indiaman to the Margate hoys or the Gravesend tilt-boats, by face, so to speak, just as we knew the faces of the naval officers who walked about the town. And, thanks to Jack, we knew the history of every ship of the King's navy which came to Deptford, and all the engagements and actions in which she had ever taken part.

Across the Creek, and as far as the woods and slopes of Greenwich, there are more gardens, so that at spring-time it was a beautiful thing to sit in the summer-house and look forth upon a great forest—it seemed nothing less to our young eyes—covered with sweet blossoms and tender green leaves, which formed a strange and beautiful setting for the ships in the river. I have painted this picture several times, and always with a new pleasure, so sweet and charming it is. When I began first to draw, it was in this place; but it was when Jack had ceased to play with us, because he would only have laughed at me. I drew the ships with trembling pencil, Castilla standing over me the while. The dear girl could never hold a pencil in her hand; but she could tell me if my drawings were like. Now, to draw ships that are like real ships is the most important thing of all. The time soon came when I was never without a pencil in my hand and paper to draw upon. I drew everything, just as some boys will read everything. I drew the ships and the boats, the Creek and the bridge, the sailors, the skeletons of half-built ships in the great sheds, and the girl who stood beside me.

The picture of a lad who draws while a girl stands beside him—that might stand for the picture of my life. It is a life which has been, I thank God, free from anxiety, trouble, or calamity. Once I painted such a picture (having Castilla and myself in my mind). I drew a youth of eighteen seated before a window, just such a window as that of the old summer-house. The window showed a merchantman, or part of a merchantman, slowly making her way up the river with wind and tide. Her foremast and mainmast were gone, and in their places two jury-masts rigged with a stay-sail; her bowsprit was gone, and her figure-head carried away and lost; her bulwarks were broken down. Yet she was safe, and her crew and cargo were safe, and the evening sun was upon her, so that she showed glorious in spite of her battered condition, and seemed like some poor human soul which, after many troubles, gets at last into the haven where she may lie at rest forever. The boy in my picture was gazing upon his sketch as if comparing it with the original. Beside him stood a girl of the same age—be sure that she was a very beautiful girl, gentle and composed, full of holy thoughts—who looked down upon the lad. Thus it is always. The man considers his work, and the woman considers the man, loving his work because she loves the worker, yet not, like the man, carried away by admiration for the work, as knowing that all man's work is perishable and transitory, and that the breath of fame is fleeting. The picture of the girl is the true portrait of Castilla as she appeared at the age of eighteen, taken from the many drawings which I made of her at that time, her hair a light brown, falling in waves artlessly upon her shoulders, and her eyes a clear deep blue, to present which, upon the canvas, would want a Reynolds or a Raphael. Alas! if Sir Joshua had painted this picture, then, indeed, would you have caught in those eyes the light of virtue and goodness, and you would have seen about that brow a divine halo, which I have always seen there, but have not the art to represent. This it was which the ancients meant when they figured their goddesses wrapt about with a cloud.

And beside our quiet lives there ran the tumultuous course of a life whose parallel I know not anywhere.

We did not, it may be supposed, stay always in the old summer-house. As we grew older we roamed about the country, Jack sometimes condescending to lead the way (though he would rather have spent his whole time in the Yard among the ships). There is a pleasant country lying south and east of Deptford. You may, for instance, cross the bridge over the Creek, past the toll-gate, and so by Limekiln Lane and London Street, a pleasant road among the orchards, you will reach the town of Greenwich, with its great hospital; and if you please to leave this unvisited, you may turn to the right, and so up the Hill by Brazenface Avenue, and into the Wilderness. Beyond the Wilderness is Blackheath, a wild and desolate spot, with never a house upon it, covered with furze-bushes. Gypsies camp here, and it is said that footpads and highwaymen lurk among the caves; but we never met any. One can come home, by way of Watersplash, along the stream, which is here no longer Deptford Creek, but the Ravensbourne—a pretty brook of pure water, with deep holes under trees, and babbling shallows, running between high banks, where the primroses in March and April lie in thousands. The holes are full of jack, which we sometimes caught with float and hook; and here in spring we went birdnesting, and in summer we picked the wild roses, and in autumn gathered nuts, sloes, and blackberries. Farther afield, there is Woolwich Common; or Eltham, with the ruins of King John's palace, the walls of which still stand, and the moat may still be seen, now dry; and the King's banqueting hall, which is used for a barn, stands stately with its Gothic windows. And if one follows up the windings of the Ravensbourne, there are presently the swelling uplands of Penge, with their hanging woods, and Norwood, Westwood Common, Sydenham Wells, and many other rural places, pleasant for those who love the haunts of singing birds and wild flowers and the babble of brooks, and remoteness from the walks of men.

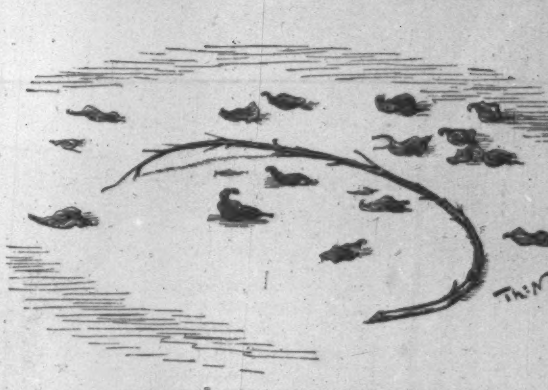
But for such a boy as Jack, what are all the charms of Nature compared with the ships, and the docks, and the river? You can get orchards everywhere, but not a seaport and a dock-yard. You can find rustics, and you may meditate in woods all over the country, but you cannot talk everywhere, as you can at Deptford and Greenwich, with sailors, old and young, of the merchant service and the King's navy. The sailors are rough of speech and rude of manners; they live in mean houses; but in every house there is something strange and wonderful brought from foreign parts. The very landsmen, and those who work at mechanical trades, are half sailors, though they do not wear the sailors' petticoats; for they are shipwrights, boat-builders, fitters of state-cabins, carvers who decorate figure-heads and ships' sterns, or are employed in the Victualling Yard or in the carpenters' shop, or they are ships' painters, rope-makers, or are employed to scrape clean and calk ships' bottoms; so that the whole town makes its living by the sea. No one speaks or thinks of anything but the sea and the things which are concerned with the sea. What, for instance, did the people of Deptford know about the conduct of the Allies and the King's land forces during the late war? Yet they knew of every naval action that was fought, and the name of every ship engaged; and there were men of Deptford, both pressed and volunteers, with every fleet and squadron. The streets were always full of sailors; the officers of the ships in commission and fitting out were always passing in and out of the Dock-yard gates, and in sunny weather the benches by the stairs, at the Upper and Lower Water Gates, were crowded with the old fellows watching the craft go up and down, and listening to the ribald jests of the watermen, and ready to talk all day long with a certain lad of bright eyes and brave face, who was never tired of listening to them.

What with the old men of Trinity and the pensioners of Greenwich, the boy heard stories enough of the sea and the ships and those who sail therein. Some of the men were so old that they could remember Admiral Benbow and his cowardly captains. There was not a single action fought in the first half of this century but was represented among the Greenwich pensioners, some of whom were in it, and had lost an arm, a leg, an eye, or anything else that can be shot away and leave the trunk still living. I can still see Jack standing before some old veteran with a hook for a hand, his eye kindling, his cheek aflame, his fists clinched, his lips parted, because in imagination he saw the deck knee-deep in blood, the boarders leaping upon the enemy like tigers upon their prey, the ship capsized or sinking, the French flag struck, and because he heard the roaring of the great guns, the rattle of the muskets, the clash of cutlasses, and the groans of the wounded.

There are many other things at sea besides fighting, chasing, and boarding. Jack learned the daily life, for example, from these old fellows, with the duties and the discipline. He heard about foreign ports and strange lands: certainly one would never be tired of visiting wild and unknown countries, where there may remain yet to be discovered strange races of men, with fruits and flowers as yet unseen and undreamed. But there are also, alas! storms and hurricanes, wrecks in mid-ocean, with, as the almsmen could tell us, boats laden to the gunwale with sailors who have escaped the sinking ship only to be tossed helpless on the sea with never a drop of water to drink or a mouthful of biscuit to eat. Or there are those who are cast away upon some desolate rock or unknown island, where they live on sea-birds, fish, mussels, and the like, till they die or are taken off. And some are thrown upon cold and inhospitable coasts, such as that of Labrador, where the cruel cold causes their hands and feet, their noses and ears, to fall off—there was one poor wretch in the hospital thus mutilated—and where the North American Indians (the most savage and the most ruthless race in the world) take them prisoners, and torture them before slow fires. Or there are treacherous pirates, who steal aboard, murder the crews, and pillage the ship. Or there are Moors, who make slaves of honest English sailors, and constrain them to row in their galleys, bare-backed, with the master or bo's'n walking above them on a kind of bridge, armed with a whip to scourge the bare backs of those who seem to shirk their work. Or there are French prisons, where the captives are starved on thin soup and bread for all their diet. Or there is the accursed Inquisition, into whose clutches many sailors have been known to fall, and, for their endurance in the Protestant faith, have suffered the torture of the rack, and even martyrdom at the stake. And, again, there are such perils as falling overboard, fire at sea, scurvy, yellow jack, and mutiny. And there is the evil—intolerable it would be to landsmen—of the captain's tyranny, or, which often happens, the malice, envy, or jealousy of a first lieutenant, with endless floggings and rope's-ending all day long. And, again, there is the danger that, after showing the greatest zeal, bravery, and activity in service, a man may be passed over by the favoritism which prevails in high quarters and the want of friends to help him. Is it not a dreadful and a shameful thing that there should be men grown old as lieutenants—nay, even as midshipmen—who have fought in a hundred battles, and spent their lives upon salt-water, only to feel a new mortification every voyage in serving under men young enough to be their own sons?

As for myself, the talk of these old men filled me with a kind of contempt for the seaman's lot. One cannot choose but admire the intrepidity, worthy of a stoical philosopher, with which these men face, every day, possible death; yea, and exhibit the most wonderful constancy under pain, and the strangest insensibility to danger. This, I say, commands our admiration. Yet the lot of the meanest landsman seems to me easier than that of a sailor, and I would rather be a hedger and a ditcher upon a farm than even a commissioned officer aboard the finest ship that ever floated. But we landsmen know not the strength of that longing for the sea which possesses some lads, and drags them as by chains or ropes to the nearest port (thus was Jack drawn irresistibly by the hand of fate), and so aboard; and once on the ship's books, there is no other way possible, and the lad becomes for life a sailor, to spend his days rolling about on a wet and slippery deck, yet happier than if he were ashore—like unto those rovers of old, the north-country men, who could stay long in no place, but roved from port to port, landing here and there, and devouring the substance of the people, even to the southern coasts of Italy and the islands of Greece.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



AFTER INVESTIGATING THAT GARLAND.
NOTHING LEFT WORTH KEEPING.

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

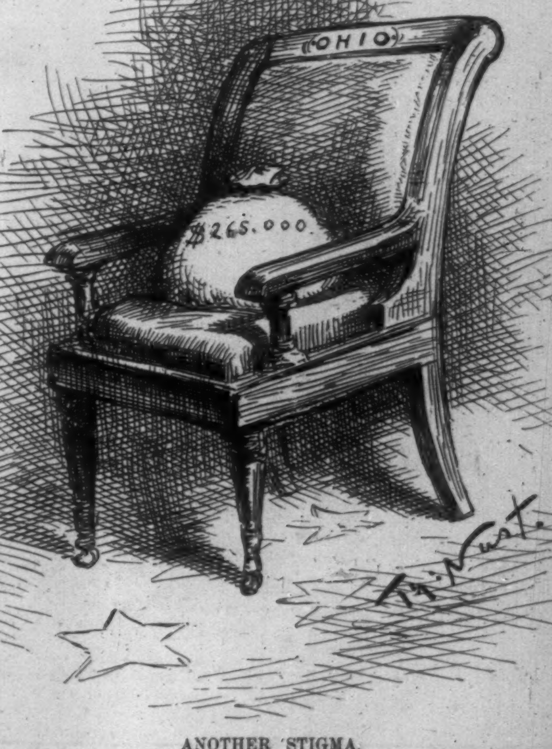
A PHILADELPHIA cooper declares that he will go through the Niagara rapids and whirlpool in a barrel. In one respect the cooper's ambition is laudable. It is wicked folly for any human being to trust himself to these mad waters, but one must admit that there is something praiseworthy in the faith of the cooper in his tub. Why not let the tub go by itself? An empty tub would show its merits in the whirlpool just as well as a tub with a cooper inside. Any wise cooper would be satisfied to let the business afford merely the tale of a tub, and would not egotistically strive to make it furnish also the tragic history of a cooper who was churned to death.

A Boston newspaper supposes that it can never be done, but submits what a graceful and delightful innovation it would be to serve ice-cream in the Boston Theatre between the acts. The circus people have long understood this idea, and have profited by it. There are few true Americans who cannot recall the delight, on a July day at the circus, when the polar bear is pacing up and down in a fever, of a smoking-cold tumbler of lemonade after peanuts. There is precedent for regaling the inner man at the theatre, if that is all that is needed to induce cautious managers to open their doors to ice-cream. At an early period of its history the patrons of the English stage were accustomed to pelt the actors and one another with the remnants of various fruits and confections which had been eaten in the theatre. Probably ice-cream would have been popular if it had been thought of, for the play-goers could have thrown the spoons.

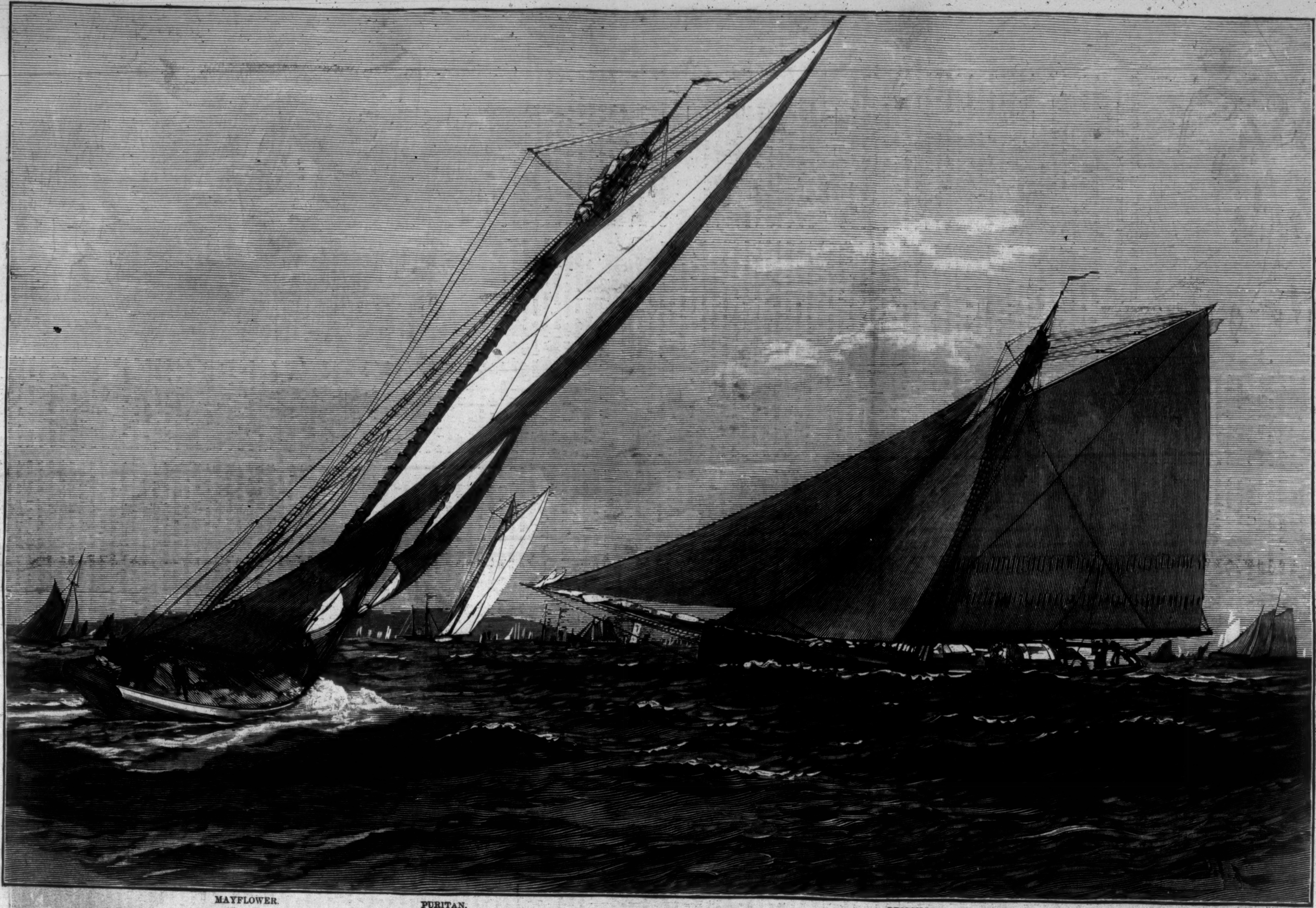
One would think, "first off," that the habit of throwing old shoes after newly wedded couples would be much more objectionable than the habit of throwing rice. Most people would consider that to be caught in a shower of rice would be only amusing, but would think twice before submitting themselves to a shower of old shoes. According to the London *Lancet*, however, while a shower of shoes may be an awkward visitation, the pelting with rice is positively dangerous. At a recent wedding the bridegroom's eyes were so seriously injured by the rice that was flung over the couple that it was necessary to remove him to a hospital, and it is quite possible for one to be blinded permanently from this unsuspected cause, says the *Lancet*. Of course all danger could be avoided by the simple expedient of boiling the rice.

It will be gratifying to many people to hear that a rule has been formulated in Chicago by which a gentleman may know in what sort of an elevator it is proper for him to keep his hat on, and in what sort of an elevator it is necessary for him to remove his hat. The rule is simple. In elevators in apartment-houses and hotels, remove your hat when ladies are present; in elevators in business buildings, keep your hat on without regard to the company. You may take your hat off anywhere if your head is warm, but you can't keep it on anywhere because your head is cold.

The belief of an Italian astronomer, that certain gridiron-like appearances observed by him on the planet Mars are canals, is not shared by a French astronomer who has lately considered the subject. The Frenchman cannot believe that there are civil engineers in Mars so superior to M. Lesseps as to be able to construct canals a thousand miles long and fifty miles wide, which is the size, according to the best estimates, of the appearances under discussion. He is satisfied that, so far from being canals, they are strips of forest planted by a methodical people who have been visited by tempests and overwhelming inundations as a consequence of permitting their planet to become denuded of its natural woods.

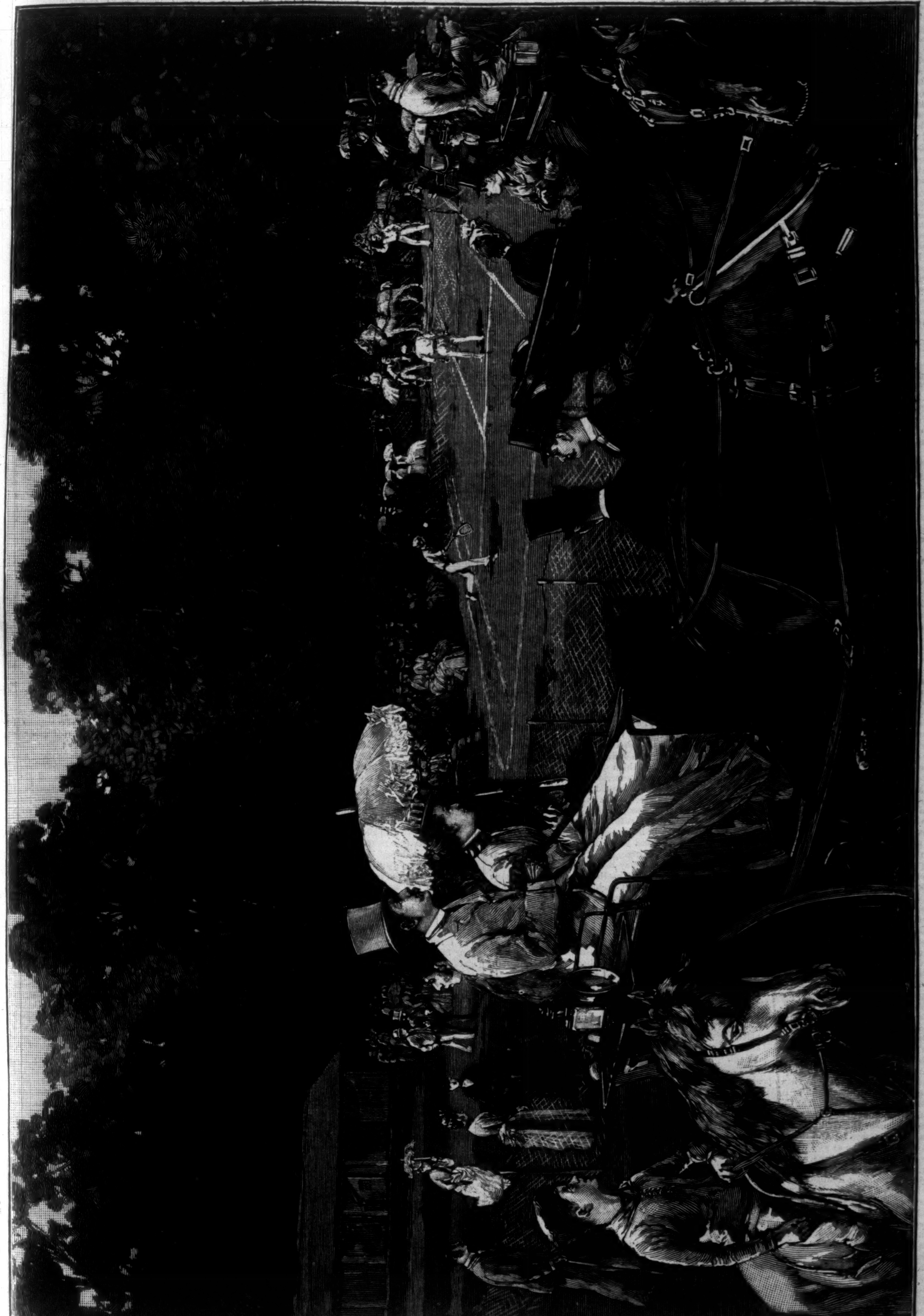


ANOTHER STIGMA.
A BOODLE-FUL, BUT PAYNE-FUL, SEAT.



MAYFLOWER.
PURITAN.
PRISCILLA.

THE REGATTA OF THE EASTERN YACHT CLUB, OFF MARBLEHEAD, MASSACHUSETTS.—DRAWN BY SCHELL AND HOGAN.—[SEE PAGE 443.]



LAWN-TENNIS TOURNAMENT FOR THE CHAMPIONSHIP OF NEW JERSEY.—Drawn by W. P. Snyder.—[See Page 442.]

KOLLER'S AFFAIR.

It has been so many years since a genuine love affair occurred at a watering-place that the one between Koller and the French governess was regarded as a succession of phenomena. The Brandon was of the latest type of æsthetic summer hotel—a large Queen Anne mansion, surrounded with cottages equally Queen Anne, high in altitude as in tariff, as the Anglo-Saxons say. The cottages were the resorts of those favorites of fortune who, wearying of Newport and Lenox, sought a place where they could have a fortnight's rest from the business of pleasure. The style of dress was severely plain among the women, and the men affected Norfolk jackets and shooting coats. These peculiarities were unknown to the Burt-Robinsons when they took the most expensive cottage for the season. They only knew it was very high-priced and very exclusive. The time came during their sojourn when they blushed for the numberless gorgeous toilets displayed by Lilian Burt-Robinson, and for Mrs. Burt-Robinson's diamonds, as large as peas, which she wore every evening. The Burt-Robinsons had been evolved thus: first there was Josiah B. Robinson, hardware merchant and dealer in agricultural implements, then a fine house on Fifty-eighth Street, and cards engraved "Mr. and Mrs. Josiah Burt Robinson"; next a box at the opera, noticed in the society papers as that of the Burt-Robinsons; and at last simply the Burt-Robinsons, as people say the Howard de Redclyffes.

They had not, however, got quite up to the level of the Howard de Redclyffes, or they would not have been found at the Brandon House, with Lilian the daughter, and Clarence the son, and little Gwendolen the baby, with her French governess, Miss Lefevre, as they all voted it poky, and only came because of the acquaintances to be made. Miss Lilian had thought to do great things with her pretty blond hair blowzed over her blue eyes and her innumerable fluffy white toilets. She had suggested bringing the governess along, thinking in the depths of her heart that Miss Lefevre's dark skin and trim black dresses would make a good foil for her own bright beauty. The governess was certainly very dark, and had no clothes to speak of; but she had eyes as black as sloes, and the way she wore her simple gowns was truly Parisian.

There was one thing Lilian did understand, and that was music. The Brandon did not indulge in anything so commonplace as a regular orchestra, but it had a couple of young Germans, one of whom played on the piano and the other on the cornet, while Koller was the violinist, who "rendered" Wagner, Schumann, and Raff most artistically in the great dim drawing-room every morning and evening. Lilian, although given to affectation, could truly say that she "adored" to hear them play; but there was a mystery about Koller which attracted her. True, he was only the violinist at a summer hotel, but there was a delicious aroma of "family" floating around him. Somebody said he was a count, or had been a count, or was going to be a count; and one morning, as the Burt-Robinsons sat listening to the last strains of a concerto, Mr. Prescott Fairbanks, the most fashionable acquaintance they had in the world, came up to speak to them, and seeing Koller, started visibly. Then he went up to him and said, holding out his hand, "Why, count—excuse me, but surely I am not mistaken—I knew Count Maurice Koller so well!"

Koller colored up to the roots of his curly yellow hair, and awkwardly accepted Mr. Prescott Fairbanks's outstretched hand. "Yes, I am Koller, but in somewhat hard circumstances. I would prefer my family did not know—"

Then he stopped short. It was equally embarrassing to Mr. Prescott Fairbanks. "Don't let me interrupt you," he said, hurriedly, waving his hand as if Koller were playing for his own amusement. "Presently we'll have a talk."

Koller went back somewhat tremulous and excited to his everlasting concertos and nocturnes. Miss Lilian seized Mr. Fairbanks. "Do tell me all about him, and what brought him here," she whispered, as he bent down.

"Can't, my dear young lady. Never was more surprised in my life. Last time I saw him I was at his father's palace in Munich. Most embarrassing rencontre."

That was all, but that was enough. Mr. Fairbanks presently escaped from the ladies; was seen no more until some one caught him coming out of the cottage where the musician lodged, and left on the night train. Nobody else but the Burt-Robinsons had witnessed the Fairbanks episode, and they tacitly agreed to keep it to themselves. But to Lilian a glorious vista opened up. She was not without that grain of romance that is seldom left out in women. The Countess Maurice Koller—was not that quite as good as the half a dozen countesses she read about in the society columns of the papers? And then the romance—although it would be as well not to have it too widely known; and if it was a money trouble, were there not many hundred thousand dollars belonging to the Burt-Robinsons, and but three to divide it among? Then Maurice was so handsome, and played so grandly—only the sooner he stopped playing the better. And so Miss Lilian dreamed and planned, sitting in a faultless attitude in a large arm-chair, slowly fluttering her Watteau fan, while the breeze as softly fluttered her filmy draperies. Next to her sat mamma, as dutiful and obedient as the American mamma usually is in families of the Burt-Robinson stamp, and back of them the French girl with Gwendolen sprawled all over her lap.

The first time the eyes of Jeanne Lefevre and Koller had met, something like an electric shock had passed between them. Jeanne had thought it was hate, although it might have been love, as the boundary line between those two emotions is not always clearly defined. Jeanne's father had been an officer in the French army, from Alsace, and had been killed in a sortie from Metz; and Koller had actually belonged to the army of occupation, and had spent two years in garrison at Strasburg, as she found out in some way. Naturally she hated him, and Koller, seeing the fierceness of the hatred that flamed in her pretty face, had determined to be revenged on her. He had had his victories, and he said to himself that he would make this black-browed French girl yet give him a soft glance out of her southern eyes.

He had a way of looking at her—tenderly, intently—that exasperated her. He played at her, things she knew, full of sentiment and longing, that made her yearn to box his ears. And yet he was so stealthy about it! He saw, what everybody saw, what filled Mrs. Burt-Robinson with anguish, that Lilian was making what is vulgarly and with vulgarity called "a dead set" at him. Why, he could not imagine. Why any girl on earth, with Lilian's beauty, her youth, and her money, should want to marry a man whom everybody supposed to be a penniless German violinist, was beyond him. He mistakenly fancied that titles without money were not valued in this glorious republic; and having squandered all that he could lay his hands on, and having nothing but his violin at present between himself and starvation, he saw no more reason why Lilian should devote herself to his capture than to that of the cornet, who was also a remarkably good-looking young fellow. But Miss Lilian knew her game. Count Koller's palace in Munich fixed it. She would not in the least mind being Countess Koller, and if the violin episode got out, it could be treated as a lark.

Miss Lefevre, sitting far back, and glowering darkly at the handsome young German, rather amused Lilian, until, in a paroxysm of ill-temper one day, she remarked that she didn't believe Koller was a count at all.

Something like a thrill of fear shot through Lilian's heart. Suppose, after all her languishing and posing, the violinist should turn out to be no more than the cornet? But she reassured herself; she had Mr. Prescott Fairbanks's word for it, and when, after a triumphal progress to Munich, gilded by the Burt-Robinson dollars, she burst upon New York in a blaze of glory as Countess Maurice Koller, she would reap the rich harvest of her penetration.

After a while a little rivulet of talk began to trickle between the violinist and the sofa whereon the Burt-Robinsons sat. Very deftly Koller would get the French girl in conversation. They would talk about music in the pauses between the nocturnes and concertos, and Koller would, inadvertently as it were, drop into French. This made Jeanne tingle the first time he did so. When the music was over, and the people would stream out of the vast room, Koller got into the way of sauntering along toward the Burt-Robinson cottage, and finally to sitting on the little red and green porch. In vain Mrs. Burt-Robinson entreated, almost wept, and pointed out to Lilian how necessary it was for them to do like other people, and that Koller went to no other cottage. Pink-and-white Lilian had some of that nerve and enterprise about her that had helped to make Josiah Burt Robinson, out of small beginnings, one of the greatest hardware men in New York. The Van Santvoords and the Van der Trunks had made overtures to Koller on the strength of the floating reports, which day by day became crystallized, about his superiority to his employment, and of this Miss Lilian did not fail to remind her mother. And so, with heart-burnings and anxieties and much gossip, Koller gradually became an *habitué* of the Burt-Robinson cottage.

For himself, he thought it much better to sit in the shade and watch Lilian's graceful white-robed figure swinging in the hammock than to drink beer and play dominoes with the cornet. His whole soul was absorbed in one idea—to make money enough to get back to Germany creditably, and with an outfit which would not reveal the straits to which he had been put after getting rid of the handsome allowance made him for his tour. Jeanne Lefevre was an episode. Americans puzzled him, but this French girl he saw through easily enough. She hated Germans; she laid her orphanhood, her poverty, her changed position, all to the Germans, and she fed her resentment on this cool, handsome young fellow. Koller adored dark eyes, and Jeanne's glowed so charmingly when they rested on little Gwendolen, which was the only genuine thing in the Burt-Robinson family. By slow degrees he got Jeanne to look at him, and then gradually the fierceness melted out of her face; and when she smiled she was beautiful. The first time she answered his glance, as he sat playing Chopin in the half-light, Koller felt that he had won a hard-fought battle.

It was getting late in the season; summer had uttered her mysterious "Hush!" before she takes her flight; there were but few people left at the Brandon House, when, late one afternoon, Koller and Lilian, sauntering along, met Miss Lefevre. Gwendolen, for once, was not with her. The two young women saluted each other coldly, and Lilian walked on when she saw Koller disposed to loiter behind. In a moment or two they had disappeared. Miss Lefevre stood still when they were out of sight, that they might get a long way ahead. Presently, as she moved slowly down the winding path, she saw a fan, an expensive trifle that she recognized at once as belonging to Lilian, lying in the path. At that moment Koller appeared.

"Good-evening again, mademoiselle," said he, addressing her in French. "Mademoiselle Lilian requested me to return and look for her fan, which she had dropped; and as it led me toward you, I came willingly."

"There it is," said Jeanne, sullenly; and as Koller stooped to pick it up, she snatched it from the ground, and in an instant her strong white fingers had broken it into a dozen pieces.

Koller caught her wrists. "What are you doing that for?" he cried.

"Because," said Jeanne, coolly, "it belongs to *her*, and because you came to look for it. See." She took the shreds and splinters in her hand, and threw them with no ignoble skill into the pond, fifty yards away.

Koller stared at her blankly. Was it possible that rose-bud Lilian ill-treated this dependent? His heart swelled within him, as a man's heart is apt to swell at the idea of injustice to anything young and pretty of the other sex. "Does she treat you ill?" he asked.

Jeanne looked at him with fine scorn. "Do you not think," she asked, in her pretty French-English, "that I could take care of myself from that—that little thing? But I tell you what, monsieur," she continued as Koller remained silent, "you need to take care of *yourself*. She knows you are a count. Bah! these Americans!"

Koller bit his lip and looked annoyed, but at last burst out laughing, and then sighed a German sigh. "Mademoiselle," said he, "do not deprive me of my only friend. This Miss Lilian Burt-Robinson is kind to me when you are not. She feels sympathy for me, a stranger and an exile; you do not."

Jeanne, being desperately in love with Koller by this time, could make but one answer to these reproaches, which was to burst into violent weeping.

Koller remained calm. He knew something about women, and was not inordinately disturbed by their sentimental tears. He attempted respectfully, after the Continental fashion, to take her hand, but Jeanne rudely repulsed him, and rushed past, saying, between her sobs: "Yes, yes, you are the lover of that little thing. Take her, and be happy. Forget all about Jeanne Lefevre. I am rightly served. The Germans have done harm to me and mine from the first. I wish I could hate you as I ought, and—and—"

Koller saw her slim black figure darting ahead of him in the gloom.

As he walked slowly back, pulling his blond mustache, he concluded that he really loved this little French girl, and the only thing for him to do was to marry her and take her back to Munich. In the joy of the prodigal's return, his parents would probably forgive him, and he would be free from the persecutions he endured in regard to falling in love with a certain Baroness von Kafelstein, who had eyes like the bottom of a pewter plate, and weighed twice as much as he did. It is easy to convince one's self of the wisdom of what one strongly desires; so Koller's mind was pretty well made up before he reached the Burt-Robinson cottage.

Lilian was waiting for him in a dark corner of the porch. "Well, where is my fan?"

Koller's heart gave a jump. He had forgotten all about the fan. "I—I assure you, mademoiselle, I searched—and—I'm sure it is not in the path," he added, with sudden boldness, for it was surely at the bottom of the pond.

"You probably met the governess," said Lilian, with sarcasm in her smooth voice.

"I did," replied Koller, lamely.

"Ah!"

She reflected. It was now or never. Koller, in his supposed position, would never dare to make the first advances to her; that had been fully decided. Countess Maurice Koller—well, it was worth the stake, and she had read in several novels where the heroine had very successfully proposed to the hero, and had been accepted. She rapidly ran over in her mind the general form of the proposition.

"Koller," she said, dramatically, "you are poor—unknown—a wandering minstrel—"

"I beg your pardon, mademoiselle, I have a regular contract with the proprietor of the Brandon House for four months, beginning last June."

"That is nothing," said Lilian, vexed to have her exordium so disturbed. "But do you not see how it is? Do you not feel for me?"

To have two women throw themselves at his head the same afternoon was more than even German stolidity could stand. Koller seized his hat and retreated toward the steps.

"Mademoiselle," he said, earnestly, "I assure you I feel for you. To lose an ornament like your fan, cherished for a thousand tender associations, the gift, perhaps, of a favored lover—a—ah!—good-evening, mademoiselle," and he was gone.

Lilian stood, angry and irresolute. Just then she saw the lamps lighted in the little drawing-room, and Jeanne enter, with Gwendolen tagging after her as usual. It suddenly occurred to her that perhaps it would be as well to send the French governess home. She stepped in through the open window.

"I've been thinking," she said, amiably, to Jeanne, "that you must find it rather stupid up here, and perhaps you'd like to pay a visit to your friends for a few weeks. I'm sure mamma will agree to it."

"But I have no friends nearer than France," replied Jeanne, doggedly, sitting down and disentangling a wonderful piece of crocheting belonging to Gwendolen.

"Then you can go down to the house in Fifty-eighth Street."

"But why do you wish to get rid of me, mademoiselle? Do I interfere with your plans in any way?"

It will be seen that the two young ladies were rapidly drifting into a quarrel. Opportunely Mrs. Burt-Robinson entered.

"You up at this time, Gwendolen? It's a quarter of an hour past your bedtime. Miss Lefevre, you should not allow Gwendolen to sit up until nearly eight o'clock."

Jeanne marched Gwendolen off to bed. So then she was to be sent back to Fifty-eighth Street. Well, it did not matter; she would tell Mrs. Burt-Robinson she was willing to go, and she would be spared the sight of Koller's and Lilian's billing and cooing.

Next morning it was all arranged before breakfast. Mrs. Burt-Robinson, who had, of course, been dragooned by Miss Lilian, gave some preposterous reason for sending her back. The house was open. The house-keeper and two servants were there, and Mr. Burt-Robinson. And Miss Lefevre left on the mid-day train.

Two or three nights afterward, Mr. Burt-Robinson was smoking his after-dinner cigar on the balcony, when Koller's card was brought up to him. Mr. Burt-Robinson's heart sank. He had heard in some way how things were going up at the Brandon, and he was convinced that Koller came to ask him for Lilian's hand, and inferentially for a large sum of ready money. If there was anything on earth this excellent hardware merchant loathed, it was a German count. Next to an Italian marquis, he esteemed them the most odious of their species. Consequently his greeting to Koller was anything but conciliatory.

"Mr. Burt-Robinson," said Koller, standing with his handsome head bared, and his hat held at a correct angle, "I come to you as the nearest and only friend of a young lady in whom I am deeply interested."

"Go on, sir," snorted Mr. Burt-Robinson.

"I am deeply attached to her. I wish to ask her to be my wife. Not being familiar with the custom of the country, I have only my own instincts to guide me. I refer to Mademoiselle Jeanne Lefevre."

Mr. Burt-Robinson jumped up and grasped Koller's hand warmly. "A most excellent young woman. Anything I can do, you may command me."

"I can refer you to the German consul," said Koller, fumbling in his card case. "You will perhaps understand me when I say that I prefer having certain circumstances—in my favor, perhaps—remain unknown." He handed Mr. Burt-Robinson a card with his name, "Count Otto von Koller," engraved on it, and in a corner a coronet. This last impressed the sturdy republican deeply. "If I can gain Mademoiselle Lefevre's consent, I would choose to be married at the French consulate here. I understand there is great simplicity in your marriage laws, and if rightly viséd by German representatives here, it will be quite sufficient."

"The laws of the United States, and of the State of New York in particular," impressively remarked Mr. Burt-Robinson, "are good enough for any man to get married under."

A week or two after this, Koller and Jeanne were on the steamer sailing away toward Germany, with a cablegram from the parents of the bridegroom and another from the mother of the bride securely laid away in Koller's pocket-book. Lilian was cross for a month or two, but, not being a bad-hearted girl, she got over it, and found some compensation in bragging of her friend Countess Maurice Koller. As for Jeanne, Alsace and Lorraine are forgotten. She is quite willing to let by-gones be by-gones, and lays the Franco-German war to the machinations of politicians.

NEW JERSEY STATE TENNIS.

The inaugural tournament of the New Jersey State Lawn-tennis Association was commenced on June 28 on the charmingly situated grounds of the Orange Lawn-tennis Club at Montrose, New Jersey. The meeting lasted three days, and fine weather and the considerable interest taken in the undertaking made the affair pass off pleasantly. This was especially so on the second and last days of the tournament, when the drive which encircles the beautiful turf courts was lined with handsome equipages containing the fair patronesses of the game from the country round.

The Orange Tennis Club's enclosure is on the crest of the high ground on the east side of Orange Valley. It is hemmed in on all sides by groves of chestnuts and oaks. On the turf terrace there is ample room for ten single courts for singles, and eight courts for doubles. The ladies' club-house and balcony is on a terrace to the westward, while the gentlemen members' substantial and well-appointed club-house is fronted by two earth courts, several feet below, on the far side of the turf platform. There are few spots in this country where ladies and gentlemen assemble for the enjoyment of out-door sports that can compare with the secluded and peacefully rural grounds of the Orange Lawn-tennis Club.

When it is remembered that the New Jersey association has just been formed, its entry was certainly satisfactory. The subscribers for the singles numbered twenty. They were: Mr. F. D. Reynolds, of the East Orange Tennis Club; Mr. Richard F. Conover and Mr. S. C. Hodge, of the Princeton Lawn-tennis Club; Mr. R. T. Halsey, of Princeton College; Mr. R. J. Cross, Mr. Samuel Campbell, Jun., Mr. C. F. Watson, Mr. Edgar Williams, Mr. Charles Criss, Mr. S. Appleton, Mr. Percy Lyman, and Mr. J. Wilmerding, of the Orange Lawn-tennis Club; Mr. F. M. Carryl, of the Franklin Archery Club; Mr. A. M. Snedeker, of the Plainfield Lawn-tennis Club; Mr. R. H. Russell, of the Bergen Point Lawn-tennis Club; Mr. E. R. Bellman, of the Morristown Bicycle Club, Mr. J. Turnbull and Mr. H. M. Peters, of the Newark Lawn-tennis Club; and Mr. C. W. Barton and Mr. F. L. Fithian, of the Haddon Lawn-tennis Club, of Haddonfield. There were eight pairs in the doubles, namely: Mr. G. M. Brinley, of the Newark Lawn-tennis Club, who won the open singles in the United States National Tournament at Newport last summer, and Mr. H. M. Peters, of the same club; Mr. S. Appleton and Mr. S. Campbell, Jun., of the Orange Lawn-tennis Club; Mr. C. F. Watson and Mr. J. Wilmerding, of the Orange Lawn-tennis Club; Mr. C. W. Barton and Mr. F. L. Fithian, of the Haddon Lawn-tennis Club; Mr. R. F. Conover and Mr. R. T. Halsey, of the Princeton Lawn-tennis Club (the latter won the championship singles of Princeton this year);

Mr. Thomas W. Porter, who won the championship doubles at Yale College a few weeks ago, and Mr. A. S. Auchincloss, of Yale College; Mr. T. N. McCarter, Jun., and Mr. S. C. Hodge, of Princeton College; and Mr. P. Lyman and Mr. A. G. Hamlin, of the Orange Lawn-tennis Club.

With such a large entry it was expected that the final matches would produce some close and exciting play, but the result was otherwise. Mr. Conover won the singles with the greatest ease, his last opponent being obviously tired out. In the doubles, Mr. Conover and Mr. Halsey defeated Mr. Peters and Mr. Brinley by three sets to two. The success of Mr. Conover showed that two years of abstinence from lawn-tennis had not sufficed to rob him of the skill, judgment, and endurance which won him so many prizes in years gone by, and in truth it seemed that, in respect to the last quality at least, the life of a Texas ranchman has been of distinct benefit to him.

THE FALL OF CONSTANTINOPLE.

Constantinople has in every age maintained its strong influence in human affairs. As Byzantium it was the Chicago or the New York of the Euxine; it fed the population of Macedonia and Greece. Later, when its founder, Constantine, converted it into a new Rome, it was the central capital of Asia and Europe. Its fine highways of cut stone opened an easy path to the foot of the Caucasian chain, and passed around the Eastern Mediterranean to Jerusalem and Alexandria. They were crowded, we are told, with travellers hastening to the world's metropolis. From Constantine to Justinian the new Rome lost its control over the West, but was still the invincible bulwark of civilization against which the Northern barbarians dashed themselves in vain. Justinian made it the splendid source of a new architecture and the parent of Roman law. His weaker successors did little to restore its power. But Constantinople alone was able to check the tide of Moslem conquest, and retain the higher traits of Greek cultivation safe within its impregnable walls. Twice it drove back the armies of the Crescent. In the twelfth century its commerce was still great, its wealth unequalled. But above all, within its libraries students still gathered the wisdom of the past, and the treasures of the Greek intellect were still cherished by their descendants.

It is the story of the fall of this fortress of art and knowledge that Mr. Pears has recently undertaken to tell in his *Fall of Constantinople*. He has made use of much new material unknown to Gibbon, he has carefully used his numerous authorities. He shows very distinctly the fatal results of the Latin conquest and the fall of the splendid city in the East. It brought the Turks into Europe, and made them a European power. It gave them an imperial stronghold from which they have never yet been dislodged. It checked the growth of Western Europe, for it forced the Europeans to spend much of their power in wars with Turkey. Constantinople under the Sultans has been a perpetual menace to Western progress; had it remained a Greek city, Mr. Pears argues, it would have taught letters and humanity to all the coming ages.

But the Venetians, jealous of the rival city, eager for new outlets of trade, with the acutest diplomacy turned the arms of the savage heroes of the Fourth Crusade against the capital of the East. Dandolo, the Doge, planned, and Boniface, chief of the Crusaders, and Philip of Swabia, who was his relative, carried out the plot. Mr. Pears unravels with great labor the movement of the different actors in the scene. Alexis, Emperor of Constantinople, had dethroned the Emperor Isaac, his brother, and put out his eyes; Philip of Swabia had married Isaac's daughter, and Alexis, Isaac's son, had escaped to the court of Philip. Philip was anxious to punish the cruel Emperor, and place his brother-in-law, the younger Alexis, on the throne. Boniface, his relative, was prepared to aid him.

Dandolo was only eager to destroy or rule the rival city. A great host of knights and Crusaders had assembled at Venice (1203), where they had engaged a Venetian fleet to carry them to Egypt. But they were poor, and unable to pay more than half the sum they had promised; they were to pay above a million of dollars. The Venetians seized the opportunity. The Crusaders were starving and perishing on one of the islands of the city; the Venetians offered them food, money, and a safe passage to Syria if they would first attack Constantinople. The offer was received with joy. Some murmured, but the robber Crusaders set out with a great fleet of Venetian galleys to plunder the fair capital of the East.

The fall of the city is told by Mr. Pears with animation and force. It is one of those scenes upon which history will ever dwell. The savage and cruel deeds that followed the assault by the Christian warriors it would gladly forget. The horrors of the final capture in 1203 brought a cry of grief and detestation from the Pope himself. But the sorrows and the crimes of men are forgotten; it is chiefly over the irreparable injury to letters and science that the intellect of later ages mourns. The statues, bronzes, gems, and works of art were ravished away or destroyed. St. Marc's, in Venice, was adorned from the spoils of St. Sophia. St. Marc's is a robbers' cave, stored with the ecclesiastical treasures of the East. The bronze statues were melted for the sake of the metal.

Beautiful works of art that might have delighted and instructed all later artists perished under the blows of the barbarians. One was a Helen, so lovely that it seemed divine: the Latins destroyed it. One was the colossal Hercules of Lysippus, brought from Tarentum: it was cast into the furnace. Endless are the fine works of antiquity that were then lost forever to mankind. Books and libraries were burned; half the city lay in ashes. The people were massacred or sold into slavery. Constantinople never regained its vigor. The Latins were driven out after a rule of forty years. But they left the enfeebled capital to become at last (1453) the prey of the Turks.

Constantinople once more has reappeared before the world, the object of desire to Greek, Russian, and Bulgarian. It is one of the finest sites for a city on the earth. Its harbor is unrivalled. It might once more distribute the corn of the North and the gems and spices of the East. It might be made again the source of a boundless trade. The recent revolutions almost under its walls recall the days of its weakness after the sack by the Latins. The majestic city still stands. Its value is indestructible and unlimited. The question of the East is, Shall it be Greek or Slav?

Eugene Lawrence.

A DAY'S TROUT-FISHING IN MONTANA.

Missoula! with its fair fields green with the glory of early summer, stretching to the base of the hills, and overlooked by the rugged sides of the dark mountain ranges!

Missoula! its smiling valleys dotted with prosperous farms, the white houses of its little town nestled under the hills over against snow-crested Lolo, from whose rocky pass, but a few short years ago, Chief Joseph and his savage Nez-Percés, their hands yet wet with the blood of the whites, looked down, and, passing on, spared it!

Missoula! the "land of trout," the paradise of the disciples of Izaak Walton, with the limpid, icy-cold waters of its streams rushing down from the mountain-sides, now roaring and foaming over the rocks, now gliding, smiling and sparkling, where the sunlight strikes through the green meadows, winding in and out, until, with glad leap and joyous tossing of little crests of silvery foam, they rush to the embrace of their big brother, the "Bitter Root."

The day is still young as our party, four of us, seated in, or rather on, a "buck-board" drawn by two stout bronchos, as the native horses are called, drive out through one of the gates of the military post here to try our luck in one of the little mountain streams. Well equipped in long rubber boots and canvas suits, we are a rough-looking lot; but in this country, and indeed anywhere else, your true angler is a thoroughly practical person, and pays but little regard to appearances. The broken masses of the clouds, a ray of sunlight darting through them here and there, lighting up some grassy hill-top, and making the dark ravines and rocky precipices of the mountains more gloomy and savage by contrast, hover over the towering crests, veiling them in fleecy folds of mist, or softening their ragged outline with the caress of the distant, gently falling rain, as we bowl merrily over the prairie, passing through the rich bottom-lands, and gradually ascending the foot-hills, rounding their sides, or dipping down into the little vales between them to scramble up the opposite ascent, until finally we enter a wide cañon, running back into the hills, its flat plain covered with wild flowers and waving grass, and broken through the centre by the winding course of a rippling, dancing, sparkling, merry little stream.

We are not long in getting to work. Our tackle is quickly overhauled, our big boots pulled well up on our thighs, and two of us taking our way up stream, while the others follow it down, we arrange to meet again at a certain hour, and start off to begin our day's sport.

How quiet and calm everything is, as we silently and with gentle casts of our lines proceed on our way! How the little stream laughs up at us, coquettishly singing at us, inviting us to win its hidden finny treasures if we can; now rushing along over its pebbly bed, throwing back its eddies into some dark pool under its overhanging banks, as if to say, "Try there, and see what you can find"; again softly and silently gliding through the wild-rose bushes, as if saddened at the thought of surrendering some of the "speckled beauties" that make their home in its clear cold waters. Slowly we move up the stream, searching each quiet nook, each swirling eddy. Now and again there is a quick pull at the line as a successful cast is made; the light, pliant rod bends, the reel whirls as the line passes swiftly through the rings; there is a short, sharp fight for liberty, and, the strong triumphing over the weak, the struggling fish is lying on the grassy bank, gasping its short life away, and, dying, more beautiful in the silvery sheen and bright spots of its sides than when, in its turn the stronger, it rushed at its prey in the full enjoyment of life and vigor. The air is full of the fragrance of the wild roses dipping their branches into the limpid water; graceful willows bend over the banks, and rustle their leaves gently in the soft breeze; thousands of wild flowers—pink bitter-root, modest daisies, golden sunflowers, and many other varieties—blend their brilliant hues harmoniously, carpeting the valley with one almost unbroken mass of color. Occasionally a wild bird—a plover or curlew perhaps—starts suddenly up, screaming or whistling its protest at the presence in this solitude of all-destroying man.

And so we wander on, landing now and then a plump trout, and stopping occasionally to compare notes or light a pipe, until, our watches and our appetites warning us that the time for our rendezvous with our friends is near at hand, we retrace our steps, lingering, however, even yet, overpowered with the fascination of the "gentle sport," to make a cast in some inviting pool. As we near our point of meeting, a thin wreath of blue smoke rising against the bright green background of some cottonwood-trees shows us that our fellow-anglers have arrived there before us, and are preparing the meal we are so ready to discuss. It does not take long to do this. A few willow twigs make a nice smouldering fire, and a pocket frying-pan, filled with thinly cut pieces of fat salt pork, merrily sizzling and spluttering and giving forth a most delightful odor, is ready to receive its supply of freshly caught brook trout, which, with the aid of a pocket-knife, are soon dressed and cleansed in the running stream by ready and experienced hands.

A willow twig, with its branching ends sharpened, serves as a fork to our amateur cook—long experienced in culinary skill of the camp and of the chase, and many a "professional" would do well if he possessed half the skill—and with it he judiciously and delicately handles the fish as they gradually shrivel and brown in the hot fat. Then, with the tin cover of the frying-pan serving for a dish, we are soon partaking of a most delicious meal, with appetites sharpened by the day's exercise and the purity of the cool mountain air.

Then, after a while, as we make our way homeward again, there from behind the rocky mountain heights in the west the sinking sun sheds the glory of his rays over the sky, and reddens the snow on the high peaks, making it glow and sparkle with a rosy light, as if of fire. Cool and tranquil lie the valleys in the shadow of the hills; from the ranches lying in the fertile bottoms comes the faint tinkle of a cow-bell, or far-off sound of laughing children; the blue columns of smoke from the chimneys rise almost perpendicularly into the clear atmosphere, through which the swallows are swiftly flying, and the wild roses, bidding good-night to the waning day, are filling the air with their fragrance.

Over from the fort in the distance, with flash o fire and puff of white smoke, comes the boom of the evening gun, reverberating and echoing through the cañons, saluting the god of day as his fiery chariot disappears below the horizon. The first stars hang out their sparkling lanterns in the clear azure, and the repose of evening settles quietly and gently down over hill and valley.

Rufus F. Zogbaum.

THE COLUMBIA-HARVARD RACE.

Since the summer of 1880, with the exception of one year when the crew from Cambridge refused to row, the crimson of Harvard, like a brightly shining light, has annually until this season piloted the blue and white clad oarsmen of Columbia College to defeat on the river Thames at New London. Year after year Columbia has sent her representatives into a struggle which has heretofore proved unavailing. The same result was anticipated when a few days ago, on Saturday, June 26, the Columbia and Harvard crews entered their eight-oared shells for their regular yearly contest. Harvard had arrived at New London heralded by trumpets. It was practically the successful and invincible crew of the year before, which had defeated Yale with ease by forty rods; the same crew, with one exception, having the same stroke oar in the giant Penrose, but older in a year's experience. Nobody expected that Columbia would be able to keep up with the pace that Harvard would set. If the betting of collegians was to be taken as an indication of the result, Columbia had about one chance in five of success.

The scene on the river at New London was as brilliantly animated as it always is on the occasions of these inter-collegiate boat races. The accompanying illustration in no degree exaggerates the crowded appearance of the grand stand, the shore opposite the finish, and the craft-laden water.

It was seven o'clock in the evening when the crews received the signal to start upon their four-mile journey down the river. The water was like glass, and there was but small current in the river. Harvard caught the water first, and set the pace at a stroke of forty-two to the minute. Columbia was self-contained, and with a clock-like stroke of forty to the minute clung tenaciously at the waist of the boat from Cambridge. These relative positions were not, however, to be long maintained in a race of this earnestness, and Harvard, at her top stroke, gradually forged ahead, until at the end of the first mile spectators on the river-bank caught a glimpse of clear water between the stern of the Harvard and the prow of the Columbia shells. Up went the crimson ball on the signal station near the grand stand, and the "'Rah! 'rah! 'rah!" of Harvard sympathizers smote the air and echoed over on Groton shore. There were, however, three miles of river between Harvard and victory, and it would have been wiser for the friends of Harvard to have waited until that distance had been lessened a little before unloosing their enthusiasm. Harvard had the easterly side of the course, and as the mile and a half flag was approached the blue-and-white-striped crew on the west were seen moving slowly but surely toward a closing up of the gap that had been opened. Harvard's rapid stroke was telling upon her crew. It dropped from forty-two to thirty-seven, and became ragged. Columbia, still clock-work as to form, began now to move up for the lead in earnest. At first the gain of the Columbias was scarcely perceptible; but as the Harvards became more uncertain in their stroke, the New York students quickened their pace, and just before the mile and a half flags were reached, went by with a rush.

It was needless now to tell any spectator that the race was Columbia's. Victory was spoken in every forward and backward swing of the eight lithe bodies. At two miles, with half the race over, Columbia was leading Harvard by at least eight clear boat-lengths. At two miles and a half she had increased the lead to ten boat-lengths. It was now Harvard's time, if ever. Columbia, confident of victory, eased up from the terrific pace, and Harvard desperately sought to catch her. The excitement among the spectators became intense, and Harvard hopes feebly arose; but Columbia had a spurt in reserve, and crossed the winning line eight lengths in advance, having made the four miles in 21 minutes 38 seconds. Harvard's time was 22 minutes 35 seconds. The names of the crews, with their weights, is appended: *Columbia*—Guy Richards, bow, 152 pounds; R. C. Applegate, 167 pounds; C. A. Stevens, 16! pounds; W. A. Meikleham, 168 pounds; C. M. Donnelly, 175 pounds; S. Harris, 172 pounds; C. E. Beckwith, 167 pounds; B. Lockwood, Jun., stroke, 158 pounds; R. L. Morrill, coxswain. *Harvard*—D. S. Mumford, bow, 150 pounds; J. J. Colony, 160 pounds; J. R. Yocum, 173 pounds; F. Remington, 156 pounds; T. P. Burgess, 177 pounds; W. A. Brooks, 166 pounds; H. W. Keyes, 165 pounds; R. A. F. Penrose, stroke, 165 pounds; T. Q. Brown, coxswain.

Superstitious people may, if they choose, ascribe Columbia's splendid victory to her possession of the canine "mascots" which are shown in the accompanying illustration, but the fact remains that Harvard was squarely and fairly outrowed; and Yale, which has heretofore declined to race with Columbia, on the ground that she was a feeble and unworthy adversary, need hesitate no longer upon that score.

The race between Yale and Harvard on Friday, if it had been won by Harvard, would have entitled Columbia to claim the college championship. Columbia having beaten Harvard, and Harvard Yale, the presumption that Columbia could beat Yale would have been so strong that it could have been overthrown only by a successful challenge from Yale to Columbia. But in fact Yale also beat Harvard, and the championship remains in a doubt that is not likely to be dispelled before 1887. After a postponement until after six o'clock, on account of rough water, the two crews started, and Yale almost at once took a lead which was maintained throughout, and increased at the finish to seven lengths, the time of the race being 20 minutes 41½ seconds.

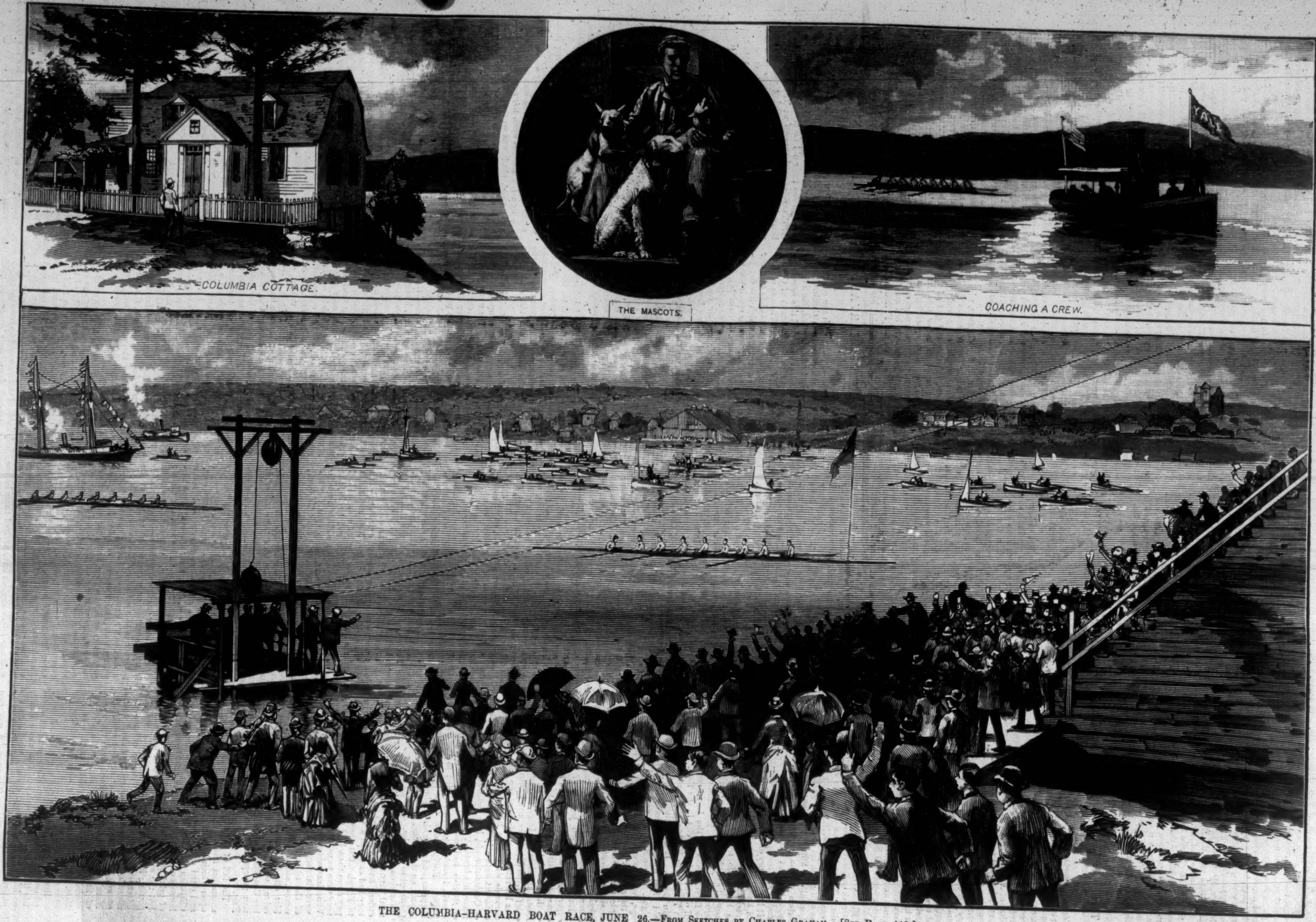
THE "PURITAN'S" LATEST VICTORY.

June 29 was a busy day for Marblehead, and the bluffs along the inlet and the hill were thronged with an enthusiastic crowd who had come to see their old favorite the *Puritan* carry off the prize. The races at New York having been unsatisfactory and proving nothing, this race almost assumed the proportions of a first contest. Nor was the crowd confined to the land. Every conceivable craft, from a steam-boat and schooner yacht to small cat-boats and row-boats, dotted the dark water, and added a picturesque feature to an exciting race. The yachts experienced better luck as regards wind than at the previous matches, a strong breeze blowing from the southwest all day. The course was a triangular one, the apex of the triangle resting near Marblehead Rock, and with a southwest wind this brought the only windward work on the last leg of the triangle. The race was to be twice over the course for all but the smaller boats. There was some delay at getting off, and the *Puritan* was unable to make her usual early start. The schooner yacht *Gitana* was the first over the line, followed by the *Priscilla*, *Fortuna*, *Mohican*, *Puritan*, and *Mayflower* in the order named, the latter two being handicapped.

At the first stake-boat the *Priscilla* was leading the *Puritan* and *Mayflower* by about four minutes, the *Mayflower* being slightly astern. The white sloops had reduced the lead of the black one by a few seconds when the second stake-boat was passed, but it was on reaching for the starting boat that the *Puritan* displayed her superiority at windward work. Rounding nearly two minutes in advance of her rivals, she started sheet for the second trip over the course. At the first stake-boat the relative positions of the yachts had not changed, and beyond a gain of a few seconds by the *Priscilla*, no change was noted at the second stake-boat. But after rounding this the boats settled down to the hard work, the *Mayflower* first housing her topmast, and the other two following her example. The excitement became intense among the spectators as the *Puritan* ploughed on her way homeward, with the *Priscilla* uncomfortably near. Windward work is the *Puritan's* strong point, but what the *Priscilla* would do under her improved conditions no one knew. It soon became evident that nothing short of an accident could prevent the *Puritan* from winning, but the second place was in interesting dispute. This is the incident shown on page 440. The *Mayflower* was astern of the black sloop, but to windward, and by standing in toward the shore she succeeded by clever seamanship in crossing the *Priscilla's* bow. Those who had watched the latter in the New York races, however, knew that at close pointing and skilful handling she was a match for the *Mayflower*, and following the same tactics, she returned the compliment by forging across the *Mayflower's* bow at the finish. Corrected time placed the *Mayflower* second, as will be seen by the following:

Puritan......	3 hours,	28 minutes,	0 seconds.
Priscilla.....	3 "	28 "	57 "
Mayflower....	3 "	28 "	35 "

The case of the *Priscilla* seems to be about settled as far as being able to outsail the *Puritan* is concerned. The *Mayflower* is as yet unsatisfactory. Mr. Burgess designed her to be a faster boat than the *Puritan*; her additional length should help her when sailing free, which was always the *Puritan's* weak point; but as yet everything has not been properly adjusted. Several times the *Mayflower* was obliged to luff, and until some improvements have been made in her the question as to which boat will race the *Galatea* must remain unadjusted.

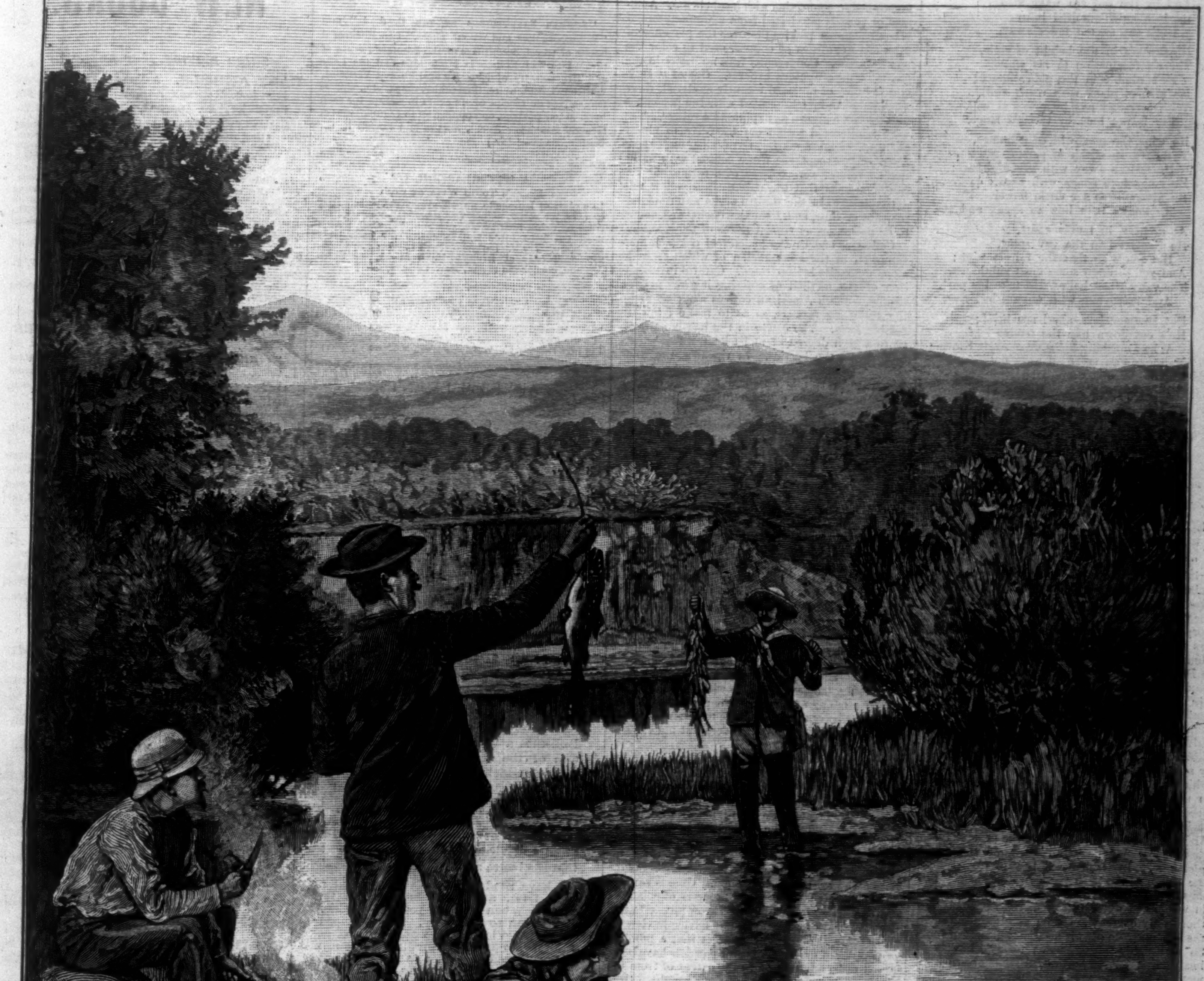


COLUMBIA COTTAGE.

THE MASCOTS.

COACHING A CREW.

THE COLUMBIA-HARVARD BOAT RACE, JUNE 26.—From Sketches by Charles Graham.—[See Page 443.]



TROUT-FISHING IN MONTANA.—Drawn by R. F. Zogbaum.—[See Page 443.]

THE SUMMER MAN.

In summer, at the mountains blue,
Where life is fair, but men are few,
He gayly sports, he has his day;
And by the sad sea wave also
He is a much-admired beau
Until the season fades away.

He dresses in the height of style,
There's fascination in his smile,
He's nimble in the giddy dance;
He picnics plans with ready skill,
With love-makings he plays at will,
But is not hurt by Cupid's lance.

He wins the good-will of mammas,
The dark suspicion of papas
He waives away with graceful tact;
He sings love songs with tender power,
He always wears a little flower,
He knows both how to speak and act.

At archery, in tennis court,
He rivals all in the gay sport,
But plays so that the fairest wins;
And yet, through some most subtle art,
The vanquished belles still take his part,
And leave him with unpunished sins.

But summer joys, alas! are brief;
He's cut down like the tender leaf
When blushing fields grow sadly brown;
Mammas and splendid girls no more
Admire him as they did of yore:
He's but a dry-goods clerk in town.

And all who smiled in sweet July
In dull September pass him by;
Now he's of quite another clan;
And though he wears a faultless hat,
And just as stylish a cravat,
He only is a summer man.

Susan Hartley.

SOME POISONOUS FOODS AND DRINKS.

"What shall we eat?" and "What shall we drink?" are two questions about the satisfactory solution of which all men are more or less exercised. From the latest unpublished reports of able medical inspectors holding positions in sanitary corps we learn how the conscienceless practitioners of adulteration perpetrate their physical and commercial wrongs upon the public.

During the spring and fall large quantities of immature veal, technically known as "bob veal," are shipped to cities by unscrupulous buyers and farmers. These gentry make a practice of itinerating in the calving seasons, and buy the calves almost as soon as they are born. The flesh of the little animals has not been sufficiently matured to develop the fibrous structure upon which the gastric juices are intended to operate in the stomach. It is practically indigestible, decomposes, generates a violent poison, and occasions chronic diarrhœa and other diseases. About ten years ago the poisonous principle was chemically isolated, crystallized, and denominated *ptomaine*. In virulence it is said to resemble the venom of the most poisonous serpents. Biliousness, Bright's disease, and similar complaints, in which the waste matter of the system is not thoroughly excreted, may be distinctly traced to the consumption of this injurious species of food. So thoroughly is this known to civic boards of health that largely successful efforts have been made to break up the nefarious traffic.

The Brooklyn health authorities deserve the credit of having discovered the adulteration, by means of poisonous aniline color, of a favorite article of food, commonly known as "head-cheese." The coloring matter contained arsenic, which imparts a red hue, and gives a rich, attractive appearance. Hundreds of pounds of this noxious stuff have been justly condemned to destruction in that and other cities. Oleomargarine, which is largely used as a substitute for butter, cannot always claim the negative merit of containing only animal fats. Gelatine is frequently used to adulterate and give it the appearance of butter. Dr. Cyrus Edson, an expert medical inspector connected with the New York Board of Health, believes that the addition of gelatine to either natural or artificial butter is highly reprehensible; first, for the reason that it is extremely liable to decompose and to develop *ptomaine*; second, that as butter is one of the principal articles of food from which human beings derive fat, so just in proportion as gelatine is added are they robbed of essential nourishment.

One of the worst adulterative rascalities practised is in the manufacture of vermicelli and egg noodles. Chrome-yellow is extensively used to give the yellow tint naturally imparted by eggs to these goods. Manufacturers caught *flagrante delicto* will often deny their guilt. Samples of both these pleasant delicacies when analyzed proved beyond question the purposed presence of this injurious substance.

Canned goods, adulterated or spoiled, are fruitful sources of sickness. Cocoa-nut candy is sometimes manufactured from decomposed, mouldy nuts. Numerous manufacturers of sugar-confectionery are accustomed to use poisonous substances in order to impart different tints to their wares. The bright metallic lustre of the poisons is, to a practised eye, sufficient revelation of their character. Chrome-yellow, or chromate of lead, is one of the commonest. Chrome-green—a mixture of chrome-yellow and Prussian blue, burnt umber, red-lead, aniline red, or fuchsine, and Venetian red—and iron earth are also used. Tons of the wretched stuff thus poisoned, and miscalled candy, have been condemned and destroyed within the last twelve months in the city of New York. Similar vigilance and justice in all large communities would save the cost of many doctors' bills and the loss of some precious lives.

Currant and other acid jellies and preserves are not infrequently exposed for sale. Packed in open tins that freely admit the air, the acid fruit attacks and dissolves the metal with which it is in contact, and thus contaminates itself. What purports to be currant-jelly is, in some instances, made from dried apples, glucose, gelatine, an artificial flavor, and the poisonous aniline mentioned in connection with head-cheese. Analyses of parcels purchased from manufacturers of green cucumber pickles discover the presence of injurious quantities of copper, used to color the pickles green. Condiments fare no better in the hands of unscrupulous experts. Out of twenty-one samples of mustard recently analyzed, three were found to be adulterated with the poisonous coal-tar color known as naphthaline yellow. Ten were adulterated with from forty-five to ninety per cent. of inert matter, terra alba, and wheat flour. All, except the three colored with naphthaline yellow, were colored with turmeric. Dr. Edson reports that the naphthaline yellow was determined to be the si-nitro alpha naphthol sulphurate of lime, and by experiment was found to be poisonous as similar doses of picric acid.

Coffee is one of the articles of common consumption in the adulteration of which an infamous ingenuity is illustrated. Careful investigation of the method of coloring it gives precise results. South American coffees are treated by the following process, so as to make them resemble Java. The coffee in the bag is subjected to a high degree of moist heat, which ripens or matures the berries. In ripening, the color changes from green into mottled brown. A uniform brown tint is obtained by revolving the coffee in boiler-iron cylinders, after treating it to contact with yellow-ochre. In one case, where the yellow-ochre had been accidentally contaminated by arsenic, a sample of the coffee was found by analysis to contain one-fifty-third of a grain of arsenious acid in each half-ounce of coffee—the quantity necessary to make a cup of the beverage. Rio coffee is subjected for the improvement of its appearance to revolution in boiler-iron cylinders in which powdered soapstone is deposited, and is then treated with a mixture of chromate of lead and Prussian blue to give it a bright green color, which is brought to any desired shade by the addition of yellow-ochre, burnt umber, Venetian red, drop black, and French chalk. A solution of gum-arabic is then poured over the coffee in order to fix and glaze the color.

Teas damaged by contact with drugs in the holds of vessels that transport them to this market are offered for sale without regard to consequences. Their low character is sometimes skilfully concealed by coloration with Prussian blue and by a facing of powdered soapstone. Willow and other leaves are thus made to resemble those from which "the cup that cheers but not inebriates" is drawn.

Inquiry into certain instances of poisoning by ice-cream elicited the fact that gelatine or glue had been used to give consistency to that cooling delicacy, and to enable the manufacturer to economize in the use of cream. Possibly ignorant of the mischief he was doing, the maker had been careless in handling his solution of gelatine. Ptomaines develop during the decomposition of this substance, and make their presence felt by the sufferers who have absorbed them. Glue is said to be exclusively used by manufacturers of gelatine-coated pills and capsules. "Throw physic to the dogs" appears to be wholesome advice in view of this fact, and of the further fact that a number of samples of quinine pills and powders have been found to be adulterated to the extent of from fifteen to fifty-two per cent. of their weight. Others fall below the standard set by the United States Pharmacopœia.

Independently of any injurious effect exercised by the alcohol in beer upon the physical constitution is that exerted by the deleterious substances entering into the beverage from its contact with lead pipes and brass taps. This is so damaging that legislation has been invoked to prevent it. The metal tanks in which the syrups of soda-water are kept are liable to the same objection. Nor is the bottled soda-water entirely free from suspicion. The tax on the use of Croton water, and also its scarcity, have induced brewers, mineral-water manufacturers, and others who use large quantities of water to sink wells in the water-bearing strata under the city. The fluid thus obtained is neither more nor less than the drainage from the streets and the leakage from the sewers. This is certainly the conclusion necessarily drawn from the peculiar formation of the substrata of Manhattan Island. The use of this water for drinking purposes is officially prohibited. Subjected to a temperature above the boiling-point for an hour, all germs are destroyed before it is used by the brewers. When used by mineral-water manufacturers the germs remain in all their noxious vigor. Warned of this, and deterred by certain penalty, most of them have desisted from its use, but occasionally an obstinate or recalcitrant one is detected and brought to condign punishment.

Richard Wheatley.

FOOD FOR THE BABIES.

It has been asserted by physicians and statisticians that "incomplete infantile nutrition annually costs the country half a million lives and millions of dollars." The problem of making a perfect infants' food remained unsolved until Liebig, the famous chemist, investigated the matter in all its relations, and demonstrated that the best substitute for the milk of the mother's breast was not the milk of any animal, but a combination of animal milk with the elements of those grains which are used by the human system in repairing waste, building tissue, and generating heat. Such a combination is found in Mellin's Food. It is the nearest approach to the nourishment which is implanted in the mother's breasts that can be prepared. What difference there is favors the artificial food. To-day all chemists and physicians subscribe to these views and employ this food both in their own homes and among those who apply to them professionally. For general use for the sick and delicate, as well as the strong and hearty child, Mellin's Food appears to be unrivalled, and is one of the most precious gifts that the household has received from modern science.—[*Adv.*]

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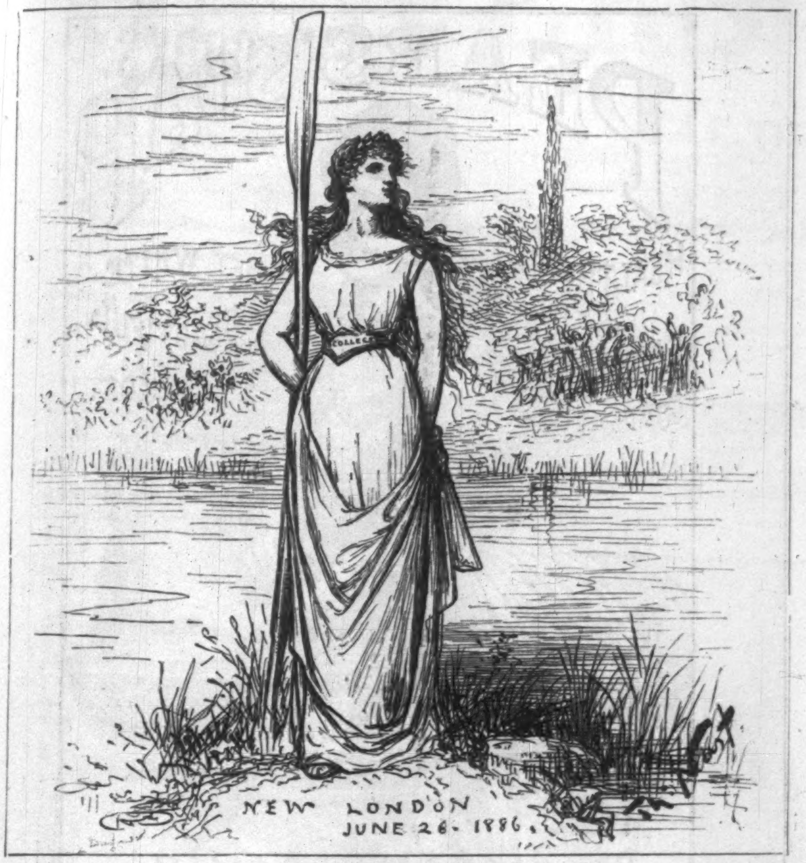

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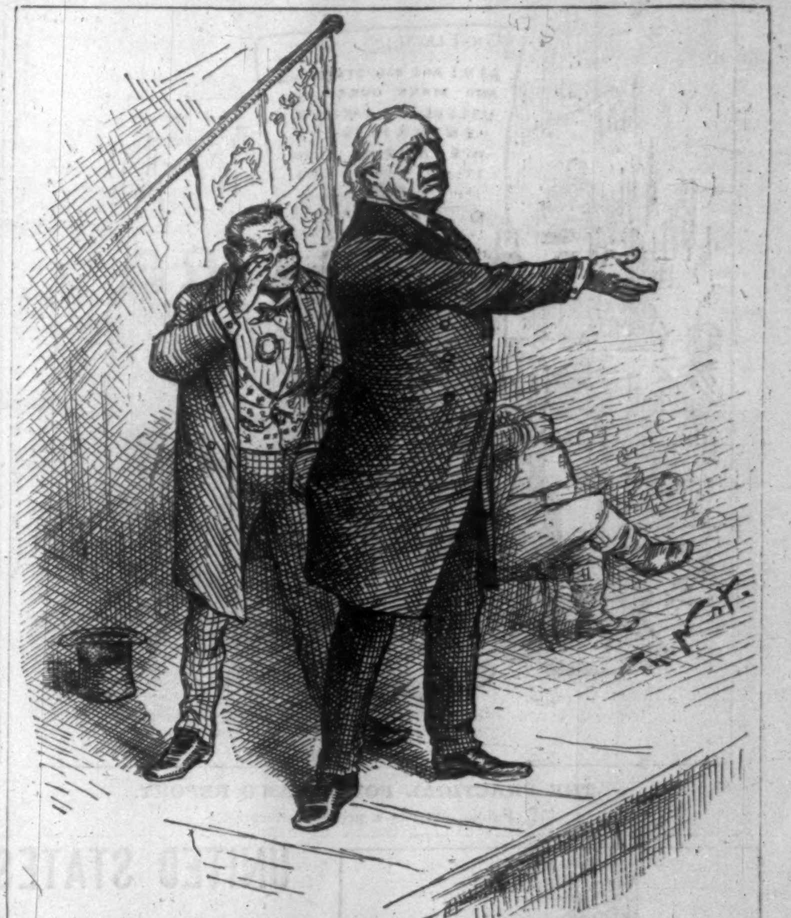
C-O-L-U-M-B-I-A!
Puts her oar in and wins.



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